

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE LIBERAL SUMMER SCHOOL

THE Liberal Summer School at Cambridge is reported to have been a success. It was better organized and more coherent than the school at Oxford last year. The inaugural address was delivered by Gilbert Murray, who described the Liberals as 'a sick party—very sick still, though, I believe, convalescent.' He thought that Mr. Baldwin, if left to himself, would follow essentially the Liberal policy. Ramsay Muir appropriated for the Party the following principles: security of life, security of liberty, international security, political self-mastery, self-government, competent leadership. Another speaker advocated a 'National Industrial Assembly' to deal at first with the less political aspects of industrial affairs, such as investigating industrial disputes, deliberating upon problems of industrial administration, and threshing out in advance proposed labor and social legislation. Housing, taxation, education, currency, and unemployment—the latter two topics discussed by Mr. Keynes—also occupied the attention of the sessions. Labor leaders are proposing a similar school for their party.



BRITISH COMMENTS ON FRENCH FINANCE AND TRADE

F. W. HIRST thus discourses in the *Westminster Gazette* upon the national

debt of France, which has been for many years larger in proportion to her wealth and population than that of any other Great Power:—

It amounted in July 1914, on the eve of the Great War, to about 34 thousand million *gold* francs, of which 25 went to the sovereign. In 1919 it amounted to 180 thousand million *paper* francs, in 1920 to 215 thousand, and in 1921 to 232 thousand million paper francs. By the end of this year it will, I suppose, be approaching, if not exceeding, the formidable total of 260,000,000,000 paper francs. Taking the exchange at 80 francs to the paper pound, this is equivalent to £3,250,000,000, which is less than half the British National Debt. But it must be remembered that all French investors who subscribed to the loans when 25 francs went to the pound have lost more than two thirds of their capital, and probably the average French investor in *rentes* has lost more than half his capital. Indeed, these estimates of depreciation are too moderate; for the purchasing power of the paper franc is not more than a quarter that of the pre-war gold franc.

The alarming feature of the French debt, according to this writer, is its rapid increase since the conclusion of the war, and the unfortunate effect of this expansion upon the national budget.

France has now three Budgets. First, there is the ordinary Budget of about 23 thousand million francs, which is covered more or less by the ordinary revenue from taxes; then there is the extraordinary

Budget, which seems to vary from one to four thousand million francs and is usually covered by loans; lastly, there is the special Budget of expenditure on the restoration of the devastated area. Practically the whole of this expenditure since the peace has been raised by internal loans, and has been — according to most accounts — on a most extravagant scale, probably because it has been entered in the Budget year after year as 'sums recoverable from Germany.'

Mr. Hirst thinks that the British method of keeping the tax revenue above expenditure is vastly superior to the French plan of spending every year enormously more than is received from taxes. On the other hand, however, the effect of spending public money lavishly out of loans is to reduce unemployment to a minimum, and for the time being, at least, to allay social and political discontent.

The London *Statist* finds the reports of French foreign trade for the first half of 1923 encouraging.

In the first place, it appears that, the Colonies apart, imports exceed exports by slightly more than 1000 million francs. The figures formerly given were just about half that amount, but they included the Colonies, and the Colonies bought half a billion francs' worth of goods more than they sold. In the second place, there is a big increase in the exchanges with Great Britain as compared with the first half of 1922, amounting for both imports and exports to over a billion francs. She is thus raised to first place as customer of, no less than as purveyor to, France, thus ousting the United States in the former capacity. This is due to development of the coal trade from 6 to 9½ million tons.

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THE UNENDING REPARATIONS DEBATE

So outraged is the London *Outlook* over the undignified and barren exchanges between Great Britain and France upon the Reparations question, that it

would substitute action at any price. It advises the British Government, as a last resort, to occupy German ports and collect for itself and the Allies who might associate themselves with its action 'that reasonable and modest share of Reparations which we have declared we need to collect, and which France clearly intends to deny us.' It cites China as an example of successful customs-control in the interest of foreign Powers.

However, Reparations would be only one of the motives for this action. 'We could, through our control of Germany's ports, dominate all Central Europe, not only for our own advantage, but in the interests of peace, reconstruction, and revival of world trade, to the benefit of every other nation on this globe.' The editor hopes that such an occupation could be carried out with Germany's consent and coöperation, if it were coupled with international assistance to enable her to 'resist the French demands to destroy her.' The second move recommended by the editor is to give France formal notification that Great Britain will not recognize any changes in the present territorial boundaries of Germany.

The London *Economist* welcomes the last British note — the last at present writing — on the ground that it clears the air and brings the discussion between Great Britain and France down to fundamentals. But it would like a more generous offer to France in regard to the Allied debts. It rates the declaration that France's occupation of the Ruhr is illegal as the most important sentence in the document. With regard to the latter point, the French object that it is too late for Great Britain to plead illegality against the Ruhr occupation, for her Government had joined France in threatening such duress on previous occasions when

Germany was dilatory in meeting her post-war engagements.

Émile Cammaerts, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* upon Belgium's position in the Entente, resents a tendency to relegate his country to the position of 'a neutral nonentity' and a mere satellite of France or England. Superficial observers may imagine that, because Belgium has joined France in the Ruhr, she is not maintaining an independent attitude. But her people and her Government are moved, just as France and England are moved, primarily by economic interests. 'Like France, Belgium is in sore need of Reparations.'

However, the author believes that the friction between France and England is due quite as much to difference of temperament as to difference of material interests.

An Englishman and a Frenchman may pursue a long discussion, the former becoming colder and colder in his apparent restraint, the latter becoming more and more excited in his apparent agitation; they will separate with the feeling that their positions are as antagonistic as possible, unless some friend is found who points out to them that they have agreed all along and that their disagreement springs only from the different way in which they express the same opinions.

Belgium aspires to be this friend.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA

THE charge contained in articles reprinted in the *Living Age* some months ago, that Abyssinia was the centre of a slave-trade revival — or survival — in Africa, is being vigorously denied, now that the Government of that country has applied for admission to the League of Nations. The dispute stirs the leader-writer of the *London Outlook* to summarize his views on the question as follows: —

I have every sympathy with the agitation against the Abyssinian slave-trade. It is to the honor of Great Britain that we have for more than a century taken a lead in the movement to suppress this traffic in human flesh. But this very fact makes it all the more important that we should avoid talking sentimental nonsense on the subject, and especially any appearance of hypocrisy. If African Negroes are dragged from their native villages and made to work hard, which is against their nature, on some foreigner's cocoa estate, under the eye of an overseer with a whip in his hand, that is a practice which ought to be stopped. But if they are taken from an atmosphere of dirt, superstition, and sleeping sickness, and turned into domestic servants in clean and comparatively civilized surroundings, and if they themselves evince no desire to return to their native jungle the question becomes more complicated.

I have been told that a much larger proportion of the domestic servants of Cairo and Alexandria are slaves than the average Englishman dreams of. They can obtain their liberty whenever they like by simply stating the facts at the nearest police station. They do *not* like. The very illegality of the position causes their owners to treat them with special consideration. To send them back to their native villages in the Sudan or Central Africa would be nothing less than an outrage. The simple fact is that the slave trade is still flourishing in Africa, and that it is not all melodrama. It has got to be stopped, of course, but it will take time; it cannot be done hurriedly. In the meantime, for some reason, nothing at all is being said about the much more horrible and even more flourishing traffic in eunuchs.

THE JAPANESE PRESS AND PRESIDENT HARDING

COMMENTS from the European press upon President Harding's death were cabled so freely to American newspapers, and the articles upon that event which appeared abroad have attained such volume, that summaries of them have little interest, but there is some

freshness in the comment from Japan. *Nichi Nichi* says that the President's death was a loss to the world as well as to America, and tenders its heartfelt condolences to our Government and people. 'His foreign policy was marked by out-and-out pacificism. The Washington Conference may be said to be a monument to his pacific spirit.' This journal describes President Harding as 'the possessor of a noble countenance reminiscent of the days of George Washington.'

Asahi thinks the late President's greatest achievement was cutting down the national expenditures and reducing the public debt, and attributes to him great courage in fighting for his opinions, although his methods were not challenging or belligerent. *Yomiuri* believes that Japan has suffered a direct loss in the late President's death. 'President Harding is a greater loss to the world than to America. . . . The simple fact that he was chief sponsor for the Washington treaties is enough to put the world in obligation to him.' *Kokumin* likewise expresses heartfelt sympathy for the American people, and refers to the Washington Conference as Harding's notable success.

BRITAIN'S COAL TRADE

THERE are now about fifty thousand more workers employed in mining coal in Great Britain than before the war, and in some of the coal fields the output per shift, per man, now equals that of 1913. Higher prices are adding to the miners' wages under the sliding scale, as well as to the profits of operators, with the result that the total wage-bill in the coal-mining industry is now nearly seventy per cent higher than it was when the war broke out. Notwithstanding this, the miners are dissatisfied. They complain that only the

more fortunately situated mines have profited from the improvement in trade. About twenty per cent of the mine workers are employed in coal fields where there has not been a marked improvement, and they are agitating to terminate the present agreement with the operators. However, so far they have been voted down by the miners from the prosperous districts.

TRUSTING SCENERY TO THE PEOPLE

THE motor-car revolution is creating identical problems for every modern country. Among these is the preservation of the scenery. Now that strangers of every social class and every degree of refinement and unrefinement penetrate in throngs to the most secluded refuges of natural beauty, the question of its protection is an urgent one. A contributor to the *London Times* says:—

Since nothing is now inaccessible to summer visitors, there is, indeed, no alternative to the entrusting to them of the amenities which they would enjoy. The beauty of England rests with her inhabitants as a whole to preserve or mar; the more, therefore, they are acquainted with it, the more, as we are impelled to conclude if we and they are reasonable beings, will they respect it.

TRANSATLANTIC MAILS

THE *Living Age*, which has a special interest in prompt transoceanic mail service, adds a loud amen—if an amen is in order—to the following expostulation from the *London Outlook*:—

The exasperating method of delaying correspondence on both sides of the Atlantic in the interests of rival shipping companies still continues, to the detriment of business all round. American correspondence is forwarded by American steamers, although

a British boat leaves New York a day or so earlier; British correspondence is similarly held up in London for the S. S. *Satanic*, because it is a White Star boat, or the S. S. *Neurasthenia*, because it is a Cunard boat, despite the fact that the American *Brontosaurus* leaves Southampton twenty-four hours ahead of either. This is nonsensical. The business of the Post Office is to deliver letters, not to delay them in the interests of opposing shipping lines, whether they are subsidized or supported by different States or not. I am more than a little doubtful whether this method of holding up the mails could be justified under the international postal regulations. It is certainly opposed to the spirit of the Geneva Convention, but I have a suspicion that it may be contravening the letter as well. In any event, it is an abuse that a few questions in Parliament or speeches in Congress should put a stop to.



MINOR NOTES

NEW ZEALAND has just completed the longest railway tunnel in the British Empire. The actual length is 5 miles, 554 yards. Work went on during the war, although the Government had to take over the construction from the original contractors. The tunnel connects the fertile plains of Canterbury with the timber and coal mines of the West Coast. Electricity is employed as motive power.

A NEW controversy — or rather the revival of an old controversy — has arisen between Italy and France over the status of Italians domiciled in Tunis. When the French took over Tunis, to which Italy also made some pretensions, the Italians were already the most numerous European element in the population; and they have continued to multiply and to retain their allegiance to Italy. The Chamber of Deputies has recently enacted a law giving statutory force to a previous

executive decree, making all European residents of the third generation in Tunis French citizens. Italy protests that this deprives many members of the Italian colony of their cherished right of remaining Italian citizens.

ACCORDING to the last census London increased only 3.2 per cent during the decade ending with 1921, while the rest of the country added 5 per cent to its population. This indicates that during these ten years the net migration from London was 320,000. The *Manchester Guardian* believes that Greater London has reached its limit. 'It is not likely under present conditions to be drained much below that figure — that is, seven and a half millions; it could not, with any sort of efficiency, much exceed it.'

ILLICIT distilling is not a monopoly of American bootleggers and Russian peasants. In the Manchester police court recently a grocer was fined \$1250 and costs for operating a secret still in a bedroom of his premises. There is a hamlet of about fifty shanties in southern Japan, according to an article in *Chuo Koron*, where most of the people are engaged in the illegal manufacture of sake. 'They often contrive cunningly to carry on operations in the most unlikely places — for instance, in the middle of a rice field.' In another Japanese village the inhabitants made common use of an excavation under the floor of their village hall for the same purpose. When the police discovered this secret, an ancient dame over eighty years of age came forward and said that it was all her work, thus making herself the scapegoat for the whole village.

This industry is pursued only by the poorest people, who have little or nothing to lose by a jail sentence. A visitor asked a young married couple

in one prefecture: 'What is your life's desire?' The answer was: 'Enough rice to last one whole year.' Their constant worry is to provide themselves with food supplies until the next crop.

DOCTOR L. P. JACKS, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, says that as far as he can see there is no kind of truth that cannot be wrongly applied. We may make fool-proof machines, but we cannot make fool-proof truths. 'Fools and knaves do their business not so much by believing all that is false as by misusing what is true.' As science advances, our moral responsibility for the right use of truth increases.

ITALIAN emigrants sent home, during the first quarter of 1923, 102 million lire, of which more than 80 million came from the United States. The number of Italian emigrants residing abroad has declined from 479,000 before the war to 234,000 in 1923.

FROM distant Peru comes what is probably the first instance of holding up an airplane. According to the *West Coast Leader*, bandits fired upon a plane carrying the pay roll of the Pampas Imperial Irrigation Project from Lima to a contractor's camp, and put the propeller out of commission, compelling the pilot to descend. However, the machine was successfully landed at a sufficient distance from the bandits to enable the pilot to escape across the country with the \$15,000 in his charge.

MR. SNOWDEN's articles in the *Morning Post*, which we reviewed in our issue of August 11, were not favorably received by the official organs of Communism at Petrograd. *Pravda* was exceedingly incensed by the cautious and reserved tone of Mr. Snowden's ex-

position of labor policy, and disgusted because he suggested that social reconstruction could proceed under a monarchy. 'Snowden pledges himself that everything will proceed smoothly when Labor comes into power, and that the Labor Government will abstain from following a class policy.' The Soviet editor concludes that the British Labor Party is suffering from 'parliamentary cretinism,' and that Mr. Snowden himself is afflicted with softening of the brain.

GERMAN textile experts have been engaged for some time in an intensive study of the possibility of producing substitutes for cotton within Germany. The area under flax is increasing, after declining steadily since 1878; but most hope is placed in hemp. New methods of treating this fibre have been devised, which make it adaptable for many uses for which cotton has formerly been employed. Hemp can be raised on moor lands not now cultivated in Germany. It is hoped eventually to reduce the imports of American cotton by one half.

ACCORDING to *Jiji*, Korean laborers have been coming into Japan since last December at the rate of over one hundred a day. Most of them settle in the industrial district of which Osaka is the centre, where they now form a colony of nearly 100,000. They work for an average daily wage of 60 cents in American currency, and thereby depress the wages of unskilled Japanese laborers with whom they principally compete. Since the Koreans are regarded as Japanese subjects, Japan is faced by a problem of intra-empire migration similar to that which faces South Africa, Australia, India, and other white dominions in connection with Indian labor.

MUSSOLINI, IDOL OF THE DEMOS

BY J. J.

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, July 27
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

BENITO MUSSOLINI has a good nose. He scents danger — and acts as if unaware of it. But, being both clever and artful, he saves himself in time and without letting others suspect that he has felt himself threatened.

Thus in June he observed ahead, on the smiling surface over which the Fascist armada was apparently calmly sailing, all sails set before the wind of popularity and its black death's-head pennant gayly streaming from the masthead of the flagship, certain ripples that betrayed deep cross-currents.

At once Mussolini decided to better his own position and to strengthen the Fascist cause. Knowing that this movement's power is based chiefly on his own personality, he made a tour to every corner of the country to test his popularity and influence. Never has an appeal to the people's heart — or rather to its theatrical sense — been crowned with greater success.

The dull rumble from the deep was the hostile murmur of the Clerical masses, the first battle-signal of that adroit and inaccessible Jesuit, Don Sturzo. Mussolini pretended to ignore it — but acted on the warning. In his private parlor-car he directed his course toward southern Italy, to Sicily and Sardinia, the mightiest fortresses of the clerical *Popolari*. The influence of his fascinating personality was not to be denied. Everywhere he was met with wild jubilation: uplifted arms, a rain of flowers — it was the right season — and the fiery Italian temperament celebrated veritable orgies

of *delirio* — as popular enthusiasm is aptly called in that country.

Next he turned to central and northern Italy, to the large ports and the industrial centres where opposition of a more Reddish hue might be feared. But his success was everywhere the same — if possible, even greater as he progressed. At Florence, where the tour ended, the ovations were such that neither the Dante Jubilee nor the recent royal visits, both highly enthusiastic occasions, could match them.

Only an eyewitness to these Mussolini triumphs can realize the extent of the Italian dictator's power over the masses. The sway of his personality, the pure idolatry for his person, get their true setting only when one recalls what sharp attacks Fascismo encountered in the early summer. It is not Fascismo but Mussolini who triumphs. Should he, some fine day, change his course again, there is no doubt that the people would follow.

His stop at the railroad station of Pistoia will serve to illustrate what Mussolini can accomplish in five minutes. The prefect, the mayor, all the civil and military authorities were naturally to the fore. They made their speeches, received their reply, and were dismissed with thanks; while the populace, extending out of sight, shouted, cheered, yelled in true Fascist manner, '*Ejál! Ejál! Alalál!*' — and a few hundred of those nearest had a chance to press the mighty one's hand.

The train starts; the masses weep and shriek and there is a rain of flowers.

But wait—an elderly gentleman presses forward, is recognized and received by the dictator. It is his former drawing teacher—touching reunion!

How did he draw?

'Fair enough,' affirms the old man with honest frankness. But the last sketch struck him with wonder. It was a picture of San Sebastian, the martyr who defied the arrows. Symbolistic allusion? Anyhow there was power in that figure. The muscles suggested Michelangelo.

He mentions Michelangelo. More enthusiasm. *Ejál! Ejál! Alalál!*

Then there appears the editor of a large Florence daily and he gives Mussolini the unqualified testimonial of having been an excellent newspaperman—he is to this day. When novel stunts and original ideas were wanted, he was a master.

But the train must start, and as it pulls out Mussolini hurls out to the crowd an armful of flowers, 'For the fallen Fascisti, for the graves of the martyrs.' *Ejál! Ejál! Alalál!*

That was a five-minute stop at Pistoia, and something similar happens everywhere.

Then he reaches Florence.

The stir and excitement here are impossible to describe. For twenty-four hours the trains have hauled into the city thousands and thousands of Black Shirts with their own music, banners, trophies; all the mayors of Tuscany, delegates from every city, every village, battalions of workingmen, trades-unions with their flags and standards. All hotels are filled to overflowing; the streets are one tumultuous sea of people; the houses are draped with bright rugs and multicolored fabrics, the palaces with Gobelins. Every ten feet or so, from one end of the city to the other, there is a gilt triumphal arch, ornamented with the Fascist rods, Roman eagles, and the cross of Savoy.

In the shop windows are bright swinging paper figures, pictures of Mussolini, Fascist uniforms, and goddesses of victory, all manner of nationalistic insignia. From every tower, every roof, almost every window Italy's tricolor flutters in the Italian summer air.

The reception at the station is a mixture. On one side, the official presentation by the highest dignitaries of the city's homage, rendered in the festively decorated royal reception room—on carmine Persian rugs and under the red Florentine lilies on white fields; florid speeches, the national anthem, ladies in white bearing flowers; altogether an extraordinary pomp and show. On the other side, the frenzied ecstasies of the mob, storming through every police line and military cordon. Hundreds press forward to kiss his hands. They embrace him, lift him on their shoulders, cheer, yell, jubilate, and sing. The excitement spreads to the masses outside, who have not yet seen him. The Fascist hymn reverberates; a hundred thousand human beings, filling the station square as far as the Cathedral, roar to the heavens in unison, '*Ejál! Ejál! Alalál!*' From the fortress wall thunder cannon; throughout the city the church bells ring. The Fascist chief is rather carried than allowed to walk to his automobile. The whole city cries, '*Viva Mussolini, Viva "Il Duce," Viva the founder of the fourth Italy!*'

Thus the whole day passed. He blessed the cypresses, planted on the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, each bearing the name of a fallen Fascist. In the Palazzo Vecchio he allowed himself to be fêted by the bourgeoisie; and by the prefect in the Palazzo Ricardi, the former residence of the Medici. He visited an industrial exposition. He was the guest of the wounded war-veterans, who bore him on their shoulders and whom he embraced with tears.

He inspected the Fascist library and called at the Fascist headquarters. He reviewed a Fascist parade, which he praised as the most brilliant he had ever seen.

'You are Italy's finest legionaries,' he told them. *Ejál! Ejál! Alalá!* And with his hand raised to the black Fascist banner, he exclaimed, 'That, you must defend with your life and blood.' *Ejál! Ejál! Alalá!*

There is much more to report. One would need a great deal of space to give a complete account of what this indefatigable tribune of the people had time for in a single day. Let it suffice to mention a remarkable visit he made in the afternoon, when he ordered his automobile to be directed to San Frediano, the slum quarter of Florence across the Arno, the untidy suburb where the lowest social dregs are huddled in dirty tenements, and where two years ago bloody barricade battles were fought between Communists and Fascisti — the very same who are now honored as martyrs for Fascimo's holy

cause, and in whose memory the cypresses were planted in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella.

And how was he received there?

Within a few moments his automobile was stalled by the compact mass of people who paid him tribute. All along the street muscular figures, huskies of the butcher type, were kneeling, stretching their brawny arms toward him. In voices choked with emotion they cried, '*Viva Mussolini! Ejál! Ejál! Alalá!*'

Women in rags held up their half-naked offspring to be kissed. The church-step beggars, the cowering scum of the back streets, the cellar-hole proletariat, scorned by the community, denied everything by fate, surrounded him, grasped for his hands, rejoiced, shouted, knelt, and sang before their implacable conqueror. And the broad-shouldered young man in the nut-brown business suit, who never wearied of kissing and fondling their grimy brood, was the Prime Minister of Europe's third greatest Power, Italy's strongest man since Garibaldi!

MACHIAVELLI, THE FASCIST!

BY MATURINO DE SANCTIS

From *Avanti*, July 26

(MILAN OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

OUR Fascisti, in their eager search for historical justification, have appealed to the authority of Machiavelli, of

Quel grande

*Che temprando lo scettro ai regnatori
Gli allor ne sfronda e alle genti svela
Di che lagrime grandì e di che sangue.*

(That great man who tempered the prince's sceptre, stripped off its glamour,

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and revealed it to the people dripping with tears and blood.)

They seek thus to gain an eminent champion for the theories that deify the State, that make the ends justify the means, that glorify the methods of Cesare Borgia, that exalt the fatherland above all individual interests and above every principle of morality and justice, that make religion the tool of

the Government, and the citizen its slave.

If we confine our study to a narrow limit, this appeal is not unreasonable: for Machiavelli's *Prince* has been defined as the code of tyranny. It would certainly represent a glorious advance for the proud asserters of a new and higher civilization who now rule us to return to the standards and methods of Cesare Borgia. But *The Prince* was written in 1513. Three years later, when his opinions were matured, and he had a larger experience with life, Machiavelli wrote his *Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livy*, a work abounding with observations and reflections that should prove sorry reading for our Fascist patriots.

For example, he tells us that republics are founded on the will of the people, on the consent of all — on that popular consent that in this twentieth century has been forced to bow to the bully's bludgeon! Machiavelli does not admit the doctrine of the divine right of kings, which even in his day was already discredited by unworthy sovereigns. Three centuries before Marx, Machiavelli observed that only two classes exist in modern society, the rich and the poor, that history is but a record of the eternal struggle between those who have and those who have not, and that true liberty cannot coexist with privilege.

The Fascisti condemn agitation, strikes, and class struggles, except when they themselves promote them. But Machiavelli wrote: 'Those who condemn the conflicts between the nobles and the plebeians (substitute to-day, between the capitalists and workers) seem to me to blame the very source of Rome's liberty, and to think more of the noise and disorder of these riots than of the good results that flowed from them. Such men fail to consider that in every republic there

are two parties, the common people and the aristocracy, and that all the laws upon which free institutions are based are the outcome of the conflict between these parties, as we see illustrated in the history of Rome.'

And he says in another place: 'Domestic revolutions are most commonly occasioned by people who have property, because the fear of losing what they have begets in them the same passions that burn in the hearts of those who desire to seize property, because men think they own securely only those things that they have taken or defended successfully from others. Furthermore, men of property are in a better position to bring about and profit by political changes. Last of all, the arrogant and self-confident bearing of such men inflames in the breasts of the poor a desire to possess property, either in order to revenge themselves upon their despoilers, or else to enjoy the luxuries and privileges that they see misused by others.'

Indeed, what a Bolshevik this Machiavelli was!

The Fascisti, despite certain former heresies of their leader, have constituted themselves the defenders of existing institutions; but Machiavelli does not conceal his sympathy for popular rights and a republican form of government. He points out that monarchies easily degenerate into tyrannies. We are only too well aware of that in Italy. Machiavelli did not allow himself to be deceived by the courtly flattery lavished upon rulers, and warns against it, saying that those who praised Cæsar 'were corrupted by favors and intimidated by the dictator's long lease of power, which did not permit writers to reveal their true thoughts.' How aptly this applies to certain panegyrists to-day!

Machiavelli also shows how difficult it is for a people that has lived under

a dictator to preserve the spirit of liberty; and he says: 'How marvelous it is to observe the growing greatness of Rome after she liberated herself from her kings. . . . The people were never dazzled by great military leaders or the flattery of ambitious private citizens. . . . Free nations make rapid progress. . . . The common people are more prudent, more stable, and better judges in public affairs than any prince.'

Although the common people also have certain faults, Machiavelli thinks that popular errors can be corrected by persuasion and advice, but the blunders of a prince demand the sword. In speaking of cruelty, he says: 'The cruelty of the masses is directed against those whom they suspect of designing to seize what belongs to the public; but the cruelty of a prince is exercised against those whom he fears will seize what he holds himself. Popular government is discredited because everyone criticizes it freely and without fear; but no one dares to criticize a prince, and always speaks of him with timidity and respect.'

Machiavelli believes that the people make fewer mistakes than a prince, and, for this reason, are the more to be trusted. He further points out that a free government has a longer lease of life and brings greater prosperity in the end than any monarchy, because it can accommodate itself better to the emergencies of the times.

Machiavelli condemns conquests and annexations, since they invariably lead to disaster, and bring hardship and suffering to the poorer classes.

A nation that gives no cause of suspicion to its neighbors escapes many wars. That is an object toward which all wise government should be directed.

The Fascisti try to justify their pretensions and excesses by their patriotic motives; but Machiavelli, when he relates how Horatius, after his victory over the Curiatii, killed his weeping sister, who was betrothed to one of them, praises the Roman authorities for bringing him to trial, and commends them because, though they pardoned him, it was in response to his father's prayers and not in recognition of his services to the State. Machiavelli well observes: 'In a well-regulated government, crimes are never balanced against merits.' He considers that the Roman people were more blameworthy for having pardoned Horatius than for having tried him; because 'if a citizen who has done a great deed for his country is rewarded beyond his due glory with privileges that make him feel that he can do what he will without fear of punishment, he will soon become so arrogant and despotic that he will harm the State more than he has benefited it.' He cites also the case of Titus Manlius Capitolinus, who, after saving the Capitoline from the Gauls, later instigated a revolt, and was cast from the Tarpeian Rock in spite of his great services — from the very hill that he had saved.

A severe example for the Fascisti who, despising the noble modesty of Washington and Garibaldi, never weary of extolling their own patriotic virtues!

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE

BY EDUARD ROSSIER

[The author is Professor of History and Diplomacy at the University of Lausanne.]

From *La Semaine Littéraire*, August 4
(LAUSANNE POLITICAL AND LITERARY WEEKLY)

THE great American Republic has not a good press in the Old World. We are surprised that a country of unbounded resources, which the war hardly touched, should find difficulty in re-establishing its economic and social equilibrium after the crisis has passed; and we are inclined to attribute this to the incapacity of its government. We are astonished to see an intelligent nation divided into two bitterly hostile camps over a question like prohibition. Above all, we indict the United States of egoism and blindness to its own interests because it refuses its material and moral aid to Europe.

On the latter point a good deal remains to be said: for the question is much more complex than our good people here generally suppose. Americans do not admit that they have any special obligations to Europe. They belong to another continent. They are mostly descended from emigrants who left the Old World to get away from its troubles, and have no desire to renew their relations with it. When the World War broke out, they at first regarded the conflict as a purely European affair. They looked upon it much as we should look upon a fight between two Spanish-American republics south of the equator.

Little by little this attitude changed. The Germans who tried to establish coaling stations in the Caribbean, who sent their submarines across the Atlantic, who intrigued with Mexico,

and who published in their press wild projects of world domination, did their part to hasten it. The Americans gradually came to believe that the war was due not merely to the rivalries of certain Old World countries, but also to the overweening ambition of a nation that fancied the moment had come to impose its economic, intellectual, moral, and political supremacy on all other nations. By what was almost a miracle, the ideas of an élite thus became the conviction of a people. I say a miracle, because anyone who has resided in the central part of the United States, who is familiar with the preoccupations and ideas that prevail there, and who appreciates how remote that region is from us and our affairs, finds it hard to understand how the great American Republic came to throw itself with such enthusiasm and whole-heartedness into a European struggle. President Wilson's eloquence, which he used to persuade his people that what was originally only a war of self-defense and precaution had become a grand humanitarian adventure and a sacred duty, certainly played a great part in this change.

But such exaltation of sentiment was evidently abnormal. It could not outlive the enthusiasm that begat it. It was sure to wane when the war fever cooled. None the less, if we are to believe Colonel House, three fourths of the citizens of the United States were ready to have their country join

the League of Nations when Mr. Wilson returned from Paris.

But grave faults were committed; and when the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, except subject to important amendments, the situation had already changed. The Republican Party, which at first shrank from open opposition to a popular President, decided to throw down the gauntlet: it felt opinion swinging its way.

Indeed, the American people were losing one illusion after another. They had expected miracles from their great effort in the war. They imagined that a new Europe would arise, organized according to principles of justice and obeying absolutely the wishes of its people. But the Versailles Treaty, so laboriously elaborated, already aroused opposition and indignation. The President, who had assumed sole responsibility for that document, became an object of attack for deluding its critics. His adversaries had an easy task. They accused him of betraying the hopes of his countrymen, of imposing new and heavy burdens upon them, of seeking to meddle in the petty and selfish quarrels of an old continent, which it was the chief glory of free America to have avoided. The unfortunate League of Nations Covenant became the football of party politics. So when the presidential election of 1920 came and the people were called upon to express their will, they condemned Mr. Wilson's policies by a majority of seven million votes. . . .

The feeling thus expressed has remained essentially unchanged for the past three years, notwithstanding the optimistic reports of a few imaginative visitors who have conversed with discontented Americans. Of course, the Democrats have won some significant successes at the polls. A live Opposition can always do this, because it

profits by the mistakes and disappointments for which the party in power is always held responsible. But if Mr. Wilson should be strong enough to compel his followers to make the League of Nations a plank in the democratic platform next year, his party would be undoubtedly defeated a second time. . . .

Yet, it is not necessary to assume that the American people are entirely enchanted with a policy of isolation. They know quite well that in our present age of steam, petroleum, and electricity distances are rapidly disappearing, and that a great nation can no longer live for itself alone, but must accustom itself to close communion with its neighbors. The educated classes see still further. They judge, for the most part, that the tide of reaction which manifested itself so emphatically in 1920 has passed its flood. They regret that their Government has not used more judiciously the unprecedented influence it possessed at the hour of victory. They believe that if the Senate had ratified the Guaranty Treaty signed by Mr. Wilson, Europe would not be in her present ruinous condition; that if Governor Cox had been elected President, the French would not be in the Ruhr to-day. It is always a sad reflection to think that you have missed an occasion for doing good when it was in your power; and the sadder when one is convinced that the prosperity of the New World depends upon the recovery of the Old World. Last of all, Americans are beginning to worry lest a new war may break out in Europe and compel their country to intervene again. Is it not a simple dictate of wisdom to take timely precautions to prevent such evils?

Better-informed Americans are inclined to answer yes. They are not uninterested in foreign questions. The

trouble is, they do not know how to intervene usefully in our affairs without entangling themselves in a maze of complications and controversies of which they want to hear nothing.

Those Americans who study European conditions are shocked at the deplorable disorder of our continent. They see that European nations hate each other more bitterly than ever; that armaments, kept up at the same strength as before the war, absorb the wealth of our impoverished people; they suspect our governments of all sorts of ambitious and unjust designs; and judging our situation with the practical-mindedness of the New World they cannot understand how a continent that sincerely wants peace could permit itself to come to its present pass. In any case, they have made up their minds not to burn their fingers with our chestnuts.

The League of Nations has lost all credit with them. They do not believe in the usefulness of our interminable conferences. Have not such gatherings been held almost from the beginning of history, and have they ever prevented wars and brought permanent peace? Was not the Washington Conference itself, in spite of the favorable conditions under which it was summoned, a disappointment? The League of Nations promptly abdicated its true functions. It was created to deal with

great international problems, to watch over events from on high, to guarantee that justice be respected and peace observed. Instead of that, it has merely become one more party to the quarrels of Europe, in which it is inextricably involved. The United States does not want to take part in meetings where we debate the partition of Silesia, the government of the Saar, or the question of Danzig. Those are precisely the things from which its people wish to hold aloof.

This is the American state of mind. The people of the United States are not trying to make a dogma of isolation. Many of them would like nothing better than to help Europe. But they do not approve the way this help is solicited. They are not disposed to cancel the debts of governments that are intent upon preparing for war, nor to take part in conferences that lead to nothing.

When the Old World is ready to clean house, to forget the war, to settle down to hard work and resume the pursuits of peace, then our great transatlantic neighbor will resume her place in our councils, and add her efforts to our own.

And that is a sensible position. However, when Europe has mastered her difficulties and recovered her equilibrium, she will no longer need the assistance of America.

SINGAPORE AND ALASKA

From the China Weekly Review, July 28
(SHANGHAI AMERICAN WEEKLY)

LAST week there were two events of international importance affecting the Far East which practically escaped notice in the press of China further than the publication of brief news items. One was the passage by the House of Commons of the Admiralty estimates of £10,000,000 for the construction of extensive fortifications and dry-docking facilities for a base for the British fleet at Singapore, and the other item, which received even less attention, was the news of President Harding's trip to Alaska, the first trip of the kind ever made by an American President in the history of the American republic. These events were of importance to the Far East for the reason that they are the first definite moves of the two greatest naval powers in the world, the United States and Great Britain, along the line of readjustments in the Pacific in the light of the results of the Washington Conference in respect to naval limitation.

Practically everyone is familiar with the general terms of the naval limitation treaty adopted by the United States, Great Britain, and Japan at the Washington Conference, fixing the relative strength of the three navies in the proportion of 5-5-3. Concretely this treaty allows the United States to have a navy equal to that of Great Britain and forty per cent greater than that of the next naval power, Japan.

While practically everyone who reads newspapers is familiar with the tonnage limitations for capital ships, few are familiar with the much more significant Article XIX of the same treaty which refers to the limitation of fortifications and naval bases. The

opening sentence of this article reads:—

The United States, the British Empire, and Japan agree that the status quo at the time of the signing of the present Treaty, with regard to fortifications and naval bases, shall be maintained in their respective territories and possessions hereunder.

When the specifications are read all the territories and possessions to which they refer are seen to be insular. The agreement includes everything insular that Japan holds now or may acquire outside of the islands of Japan proper; it includes the Aleutian Islands stretching out from the American territory of Alaska, and everything insular, present or future, under our flag west of the Hawaiian Islands; and it includes Hongkong and present or future insular holdings of the British Empire east of 110 degrees east longitude, excepting the Canadian islands, Australia and its territories, and New Zealand. The status quo is defined in the last paragraph of Article XIX.

The maintenance of the status quo under the foregoing provisions implies that no new fortifications or naval bases shall be established in the territories and possessions specified, that no measures shall be taken to increase the existing naval facilities for the repair and maintenance of naval forces, and that no increase shall be made in the coast defenses of the territories and possessions above specified. . . .

Anyone who knows anything at all about naval strategy knows that a modern battleship is helpless beyond a certain distance from its supply base. The only insular base in the Pacific where the American battle fleet could be sure of finding adequate supplies of

fuel is Hawaii, and naval experts are authority for the statement that 2000 miles represents the utmost distance to which the fleet could venture to the west or south of Hawaii in time of war. This is assuming the uselessness of either Guam or the Philippines as supply bases in the light of the naval limitation treaty. Article XIX of the naval treaty limiting fortifications in the western Pacific was put in the treaty by Japan as a condition for agreement.

The significance of this is now realized by American naval experts, for it has developed that Japan, in 1920-21, scenting the naval limitation treaty from afar, feverishly sped up her construction of fortifications on the Bonin Islands, Amami-Oshima and Yajima in the Loochoo group, until they practically were completed by December 1921 just prior to the calling of the Washington Conference. All through this work the Japanese press was forbidden to mention what was in progress, and when Baron Kato proposed the limitation of fortifications clause he also failed to state that Japan had secretly completed her fortifications, whereas practically no progress had been made on the American stations at Guam and Cavite because of the indifference of the American Congress. Therefore, in the light of these factors, it is becoming evident in the United States that in pledging herself not to proceed with the fortifications of her islands in this part of the world America voluntarily surrendered not merely the power to defend these possessions, but the power to defend her interests in the Far East generally, no matter how vital they are or may become in the future.

The situation therefore seems to be about this — and in this statement we believe that the American naval authorities on the Far Eastern situation

are in agreement — the fortifications restrictions have served to give Japan absolute command of Asiatic waters, and a dominance of the Philippines, Guam, the East Indies, and Australasia. This is the effect irrespective of whether armaments are limited or not, because, as a battle fleet cannot operate beyond a radius of 2000 miles from a major base, it follows that you cannot operate at all beyond that radius no matter what the size of your fleet. Therefore, Japan was the only victor at Washington. Nothing but the moral forces of the world can stop her ultimate physical conquest of Hongkong, the Philippines, and Guam and from them the further conquest of Singapore, Dutch East Indies, and Australasia, unless some major naval base can be erected from which a battle fleet can be projected for the defense of the Philippines and Guam.

If the Philippines and Guam can be prevented from falling to Japan, she can never conquer Australasia and the Dutch insular possessions. As the matter now stands, the United States is impotent to save the Philippines and Guam from falling before a major operation by Japan. Therefore it may be assumed that the United States is impotent to enforce her policies in Asiatic waters if it ever comes to the point where physical force becomes necessary for this enforcement. And, assuming this to be true, America's word might quite logically begin progressively to weaken.

Great Britain sees this, and seeing it decides to build a strong naval base at Singapore, where her fleet will be centred. Singapore is outside the territorial limits of the treaty area. By doing this Britain can not only prevent the Philippines and Guam from falling to Japan and also save Australia and the Netherlands possessions from going to Japan, but on

the other hand she also sees that in case of a war with the United States she could take the Philippines and Guam herself. This explains the reasons for the naval base at Singapore. It can be a great step forward in the future power and prestige of Great Britain, and from the standpoint of the future relations of the United States and Great Britain it can be a menace or a boon according as the policies of the two countries tend toward coöperation or conflict.

The signing of the naval limitation treaty by the United States was probably the greatest act of altruism and showing of good faith toward Japan that has ever actuated America in its relations with the nations of the Orient. Naval men, who look only toward actualities and think in terms of hard facts of clashing economic interests, certainly entertain profound misgivings with regard to future developments in the Far East. They think America was carried away by her cracked-brained idealists and Japanese propagandists, many of them American citizens who believe, or are paid to say, that Japan is going to play the game.

Only the future can tell what the result will be. That it tremendously increases the responsibilities of American efforts toward the rehabilitation of China and the encouragement of a strong independent republican form of government on the continent of Asia goes without saying. We quote a well-known naval authority for the statement that 'Wars are only a continuation of economic conflicts. Economic conflict is always present, either latent or active. Therefore war is always a possibility. It comes when peoples must break economic bonds that cannot be otherwise broken.' In China we have not only the economic conflict, but also the political conflict between those who believe in the American idea

of government by and with the consent of the governed, otherwise *democracy*, or the government by superior armed military force as typified by Japanese autocracy, or worse yet that new and terrible form of autocracy as represented by Soviet Russia.

And thus we come logically to Alaska and President Harding's visit to that important territory of the United States. Alaska has a territory of 590,884 square miles or well toward twice the size of Manchuria. A great deal of this is covered with ice and useless for economic purposes, but much of the southern portion which is washed by the warm Japan current is capable of development. There are untold resources of minerals such as iron, copper, coal, and possibly petroleum which should be developed. Wise exploitation of the resources of Alaska will provide the materials for an industrial and population development on the Pacific coast of the United States that ultimately may rival the eastern coast of America. The United States Government has already constructed a railway of several hundred miles in length which reaches the heart of the territory. Prospecting for coal, iron, and petroleum has been going on. But nothing material has been accomplished owing to the unsatisfactory political status of the territory, which has prevented the investment of private capital.

Strategically Alaska is of acknowledged importance in the defense of American interests in the Pacific. The farthestmost of the Aleutian Islands belonging to the United States are only a few sailing hours from the most northern islands of Japan. An American fleet at Dutch Harbor, on one of the Aleutian group, could prevent a Japanese fleet from ever sailing very far from Yokohama or Kobe. Although the Aleutian Islands are included in the arms limitation agreement, the

coast of Alaska is not and it abounds in good harbors. Therefore the visit of President Harding to Alaska and the concentration of the attention of the American people upon this little-known territory are of great significance. President Harding has performed a great service in taking this trip to Alaska, for

he has shown the American people how, through the development of that territory, they may maintain their position in the Pacific, while at the same time giving Japan the fullest opportunity to show her good faith in maintaining the peace and even economic development of the Pacific.

THE GERMAN COMMUNIST ORGANIZATION

BY JOSEPH AULNEAU

Journal des Débats, July 29-31
(PARIS LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

GERMANY's economic crisis is growing more acute. In the occupied territories the people are suffering for the necessities of life because they refuse to submit to our system of import and export licenses. In non-occupied Germany many factories have been forced to shut down or to work short time since we seized the Ruhr because they have been unable to obtain fuel and steel. This has increased the number of unemployed and cut down production. To those thrown out of work for this reason must be added the railway men, postal servants, and officials of all kinds, who have refused to continue in service under our occupying authorities. The various unemployment benefits that the men received who lost their positions in the occupied territories have gradually been cut down under the stress of necessity. Furthermore, those who still are at work are demoralized by the fact that their unemployed comrades are supported in idleness. Last of all, the rising cost of living weighs more heavily upon all classes, and

especially the working people, with every day that passes.

Therefore the regular Socialist Party, which has hitherto stood as a champion of the working people in their struggle with the bourgeoisie, is naturally losing the confidence of its followers; and the Communists, who advocate more vigorous measures, have risen in labor esteem. The trades-unions have docilely obeyed the Government, and, in order not to weaken the authorities in their conflict with the French, have temporarily abandoned class propaganda. The working people, feeling that their own unions have deserted them and their capitalist government has betrayed them, listen eagerly to new leaders. They are flocking out of the Socialist and the Christian trades-unions into the Communist legions; while the unemployed — already idle, restless, and discontented — are ever ready to embrace Bolshevik theories.

The Soviet masters at Moscow are alert to this situation. They have sent ten or twelve of their ablest propa-

gandists, men who speak French and German perfectly, to proselyte for their party, under the leadership of Karl Radek, in the disturbed areas. Moreover, Germany already has a whole group of Bolshevist organizations: the Diplomatic Body of the Russian Soviet Republic, the Commercial Delegation of the Ukraine Soviet Republic, the Russian Railway Mission to purchase materials in Germany; the Commercial Delegation of the Russian Soviet Republic, the Scientific and Technical Bureau of Inquiry of the same Government, and its secret military missions. The latter embrace the Military Information Section of the Russian Diplomatic Mission, the Recruiting Agency for the Red Army, and the *West Europäisches Sekretariat*, which is the Bolshevist propaganda organization for western Europe.

Clara Zetkin has organized the Communist offices in Berlin upon the model of those in Moscow. She commands a series of groups which have under their orders subgroups and local centres. There are three 'High Directions' — *Oberleitungen* — those of the North, South, and West, which are divided into districts, subdistricts, and groups. The headquarters of the General Direction of the West is at Düsseldorf.

The district offices embrace a 'Legal Department' entrusted with propaganda and general administrative duties; an 'Illegal Service,' which controls its own secret agencies and special couriers; the 'Press Service,' which prints and distributes Communist journals; a 'Red Aid Office,' whose function is to assist people arrested and imprisoned in connection with Communist uprisings, and their families, and to enlist propaganda agents; the 'Communist Young Men's Association,' which recruits and organizes young people of Communist sympathies; the

'Communist Children's Group,' which attends to the instruction of the children of members; and the 'Red Defense,' whose members are under military discipline and bound to obey unquestioningly the orders of their superiors.

The Red Defense in turn is organized as follows: each industrial establishment elects two trustworthy men as members; each district does the same. It is the duty of these men to distribute tracts and to circulate proclamations and orders. The members must be ready to perform their duties at any time. During and after their hours of work they are employed to recruit new members. Each industry and each district has eight picked men, who are not members of any particular group but exercise general control over all the groups. Every district chief calls on the men under his control and receives personal reports from them at least once a week. Every Communist must report to his immediate authorities any valuable information he secures regarding Non-Communist organizations.

Each group is divided into 'blocks of ten' under the command of a trusted party man. Each member is responsible for the loyalty of all the other members of the group, and for stimulating their propaganda activities. Last of all, the Central Office at Berlin sends special agents to work for the Party wherever needed. These men obey precise orders and are under the strictest discipline.

The whole Communist Party, therefore, is organized on a military basis. Its *Kampforganisation* is based upon the block of ten as a unit. Moreover, the Red Defense and the so-called 'Workers' Defense Groups' are apparently intended to form the basis of a Red Army. The members receive theoretical and practical instruction under former noncommissioned army offi-

cers. They must be ready to mobilize at any moment, armed with hand grenades, to defend the interests of the working class against their employers.

These combat organizations have recently been put to the test in the Ruhr, where the *Proletarische Hundertschaften* — 'Proletarian centuries' — took over the functions of the police during the recent strike outbreaks, stopped and examined pedestrians, and verified their identification cards. They mobilized as units that marched with military precision in regular army formation, grouped in centuries and battalions, preceded by cycle scouts, and followed by hospital detachments. They went through the usual military evolutions, and were armed with guns, or with cudgels and bludgeons.

But the Communists are even more active in their proselyting labors. In every factory and workshop, and other centre where labor is employed, they have a 'Communist cell' — using the word in its biological sense — with certain definite functions. The Central Office at Berlin selects and trains specially fitted men to organize these little groups. Agents keep the Party Headquarters informed what unions are present in each factory, where conditions are most favorable for forming cells, and what employees are best fitted by temperament, determination, and courage, to become members. Organized on the same lines as the Communist Party, these little groups keep in close touch with each other and form a vast communal network whose influence on labor sentiment and policies can hardly fail to be very great.

The existence of these cells is kept secret, for they agitate revolution, place agents in workshops not yet organized, insinuate themselves in conflicts between employers and workers, secretly circulate tracts and newspapers, and keep their superiors informed regarding

anything of importance in their locality. They note the exact location of every workshop, church, store, dance hall, barracks, and prison in the vicinity. They keep the Party informed regarding the activity of its rivals. They collect funds. In a word, these Communist cells perform the liaison service between all the other Party units.

We should add that the Central Office at Berlin maintains direct telephone communication with its subordinate offices and with the editorial offices of the Communist newspapers in the various provincial towns.

Communism, thus organized, can hardly escape being conscious of its daily growth of power. To be sure, a majority of the proletariat still rejects its doctrines; but its agents are resolute and methodical. Moreover, Moscow feels that this is a propitious moment to win over the working classes of Germany by exploiting their suffering. Consequently, its agents are just now unusually active and are distributing assistance liberally to those in need.

The first recipients of Communist attention are people out of work, who are told that they themselves are examples of the failure of the capitalist system. Naturally, the present economic crisis and the steady growth of unemployment favor this propaganda. So the Communist Party has organized 'Committees for the Defense of the Unemployed,' which have taken the lead in demanding recognition and help from the authorities.

The next line of attack is against the retail merchant. Food and other necessities of life are daily rising in price — in the opinion of the common people, unjustly and unnecessarily. Popular hatred of 'profiteers,' and even legitimate merchants, is increasing, and Communists are exploiting this to the utmost. They have hit upon the clever device of organizing in each locality

'Committees for Controlling Prices,' and of trying to get municipal governments to back up these bodies. The committees would have final authority to control the sale of clothing and food, to commandeer houses for the people, and to stabilize the cost of living.

In the next place, the Communists are agitating among the French troops of occupation. From the time we seized the Ruhr they have conducted an active poster and tract campaign among our soldiers, and for a time they carefully avoided hostile demonstrations toward them. They care nothing about the occupation *per se*. At the Communist Congresses, held at Essen, Frankfort, and Leipzig, resolutions were adopted in favor of systematic propaganda among the foreign troops stationed in the country, and fraternization between the proletariat and the soldiers. At the same time, however, the Communists are agitating in the parliaments of every country where they have members against the Ruhr occupation, against coalition with the bourgeoisie, and against Entente Imperialism.

Since last April, when orders were issued from Moscow to bring about Poincaré's overthrow at any cost, the Communists in the Ruhr have frequently shown hostility to our troops.

Recently the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Severing, who is himself a Socialist, ordered stern measures taken against the reactionary nationalist associations and the Communist organizations, though his real object was to crush only the latter. Thereupon the Communists abandoned their hostile demeanor toward our troops and resumed their former attitude of apparent indifference.

The German Government's temporizing policy with the Communists has had some odd results. Berlin witnessed the gorgeous funeral of Vorovski, the Soviet delegate recently assassinated in

Switzerland; and Moscow organized a magnificent funeral for Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German ambassador, at which the Internationale was sung. The Communists have collected large sums to agitate against French Imperialism, their motto being, 'We must beat Poincaré in the Ruhr and Cuno on the Spree.'

Everywhere in Germany Communists are establishing libraries for the circulation of Bolshevik literature. In Frankfort the Red Defense publishes tracts which every proletarian considers it is his duty to circulate. It also prints a paper called *Sichel und Hammer*, which is widely distributed in Alsace and Lorraine.

The Communist Party has large funds at its disposal, but the total is difficult to estimate. No small share of these resources comes from Moscow. After the Kapp revolt in Germany, three years ago, the Party received twenty-five million marks from Russia in a lump sum. Since then it is reported to have received five millions a month, of which 400,000 — more recently, 300,000 — marks has been used to cover the deficit of the Berlin party newspaper, *Die Rote Fahne*. The Third International supports the Propaganda Office for western Europe, and the publishing houses of Franke at Leipzig and Hoyem at Hamburg. Hitherto, according to the frank admissions of the German Communists, the subsidies from Russia have been in the form of pearls, jewels, and other precious stones. But more recently they have been in dollars and pounds sterling. In any case, we note that Karl Radek and Clara Zetkin, and their associates, dispose of considerable sums — sufficient to enable them to move about freely and to carry on their work effectively.

It cannot be said that this movement constitutes as yet a serious political

danger for Germany, for it has not won over the rural population or the middle classes. Up to the present it is incompletely organized and has few adherents outside the Ruhr, Saxony, and northern Bavaria. Other parts of Germany are hardly touched by its doctrines. But

it constitutes a great economic peril. A dangerous growth of Communism is promoted by business depression, increasing unemployment, the fall of the mark, and the rising cost of living; and so long as these continue, it is a threat not to be despised.

A RACE OF KINDLY KILLERS

BY J. H. P. MURRAY

Lieutenant-Governor of Papua

From Stead's Review, July 7

(MELBOURNE LIBERAL SEMIMONTHLY)

IT is usually taken for granted in Australia that Papua is a land of marvelous wealth, and so it may be in its mineral resources, for these have not yet been fully investigated; but I do not think that the soil can be generally described as fertile. There is, of course, plenty of good land available for settlement, enough and to spare for many years to come, so that the question is perhaps of merely academic interest; but I am nevertheless inclined to agree with the statement that 'in proportion to population there are, in all probability, more hungry people in British New Guinea than in any other country in the world.'

This will come as a surprise to those who are accustomed to regard the Papuan as an indolent savage, leading a careless life of idleness and plenty, and may perhaps, in the light of later experience, require some qualification; but, though the natives of Papua have a less strenuous life now, since tribal warfare has been suppressed and the introduction of metals has lightened their toil, they are still no strangers to hunger, even in their ordinary life, and

drought and famine are not infrequent visitors.

A mixture of Negrito, Papuan, and Melanesian, the natives of Papua vary in appearance and disposition almost as much as in language. Thus it is dangerous to generalize about them; but there are some points in which they differ from the average white man, and resemble, probably, other natives at a similar stage of development. They are condemned offhand as liars by those who do not like them, and doubtless lying is a common and not unnatural characteristic of subject races; they are more or less at the mercy of their masters, and, therefore, try to keep them in a good temper by saying what they think will please them. Thus, a Papuan will sometimes plead guilty to a charge of which he is quite innocent, merely because he thinks the judge or the magistrate would like him to do so.

Related to the weakness which induces him to lie in order to humor the European is the courtesy which he often displays on the most unexpected occasions. You may tell the same story

two or three times to a Papuan, but he will laugh just as heartily or express just the same astonishment the last time as the first. No hint will escape him that he has heard the story before. And even in the crimes which he not infrequently commits — mostly crimes of violence — he is not always forgetful of the rules of politeness. 'He wanted me to carry him across the water,' said a prisoner who was charged with murdering another native whom he had met and done to death on the bank of a river, 'but he looked very heavy. Of course, I could not be so rude as to refuse to carry him, so I thought that the best way out of the difficulty was to kill him.' Courteous, too, was the explanation given to me by some natives of the mountains inland of Rigo, who were charged with attacking a police patrol. 'We had never seen policemen before,' they said, 'and we did not know what they were. If we had thought for a moment,' they added, 'that you attached any importance to these persons, we certainly would not have thrown spears at them, but we did not think that they were any good.'

Life in the settled districts of Papua is probably safer than in most parts of England or Australia; but this is not so in the districts — considerably restricted nowadays — to which Government influence has not extended. In these outside districts murder and violence of all kinds are very frequent; but, as a rule, it is not really murder in our sense of the term, and the murderer is by no means necessarily a bad man, or of criminal instincts beyond the average of his fellows. Some murders may be regarded as 'ritual murders,' and form a class apart, but many others arise from the custom of paying back a life for a life. This is a system which has the defect of allowing of no finality — you can never strike a balance and cry quits, for each life must be paid for

individually. Otherwise there is a good deal to be said for the practice in a community where there are no police and no law courts. In fact, though the vendetta cannot be tolerated under British law, it commands a good deal of sympathy where vengeance is taken on the right person. For instance, a village constable in one of the northern divisions had arrested a sorcerer and was taking him up the river in a canoe to the magistrate. While they were in the canoe the sorcerer took a long string and a number of pieces of stick, and said to the village constable, 'You remember your eldest brother? I killed him. And your sister? I killed her, too. And I killed your other brothers, and your father and mother, and your friends so and so,' tying a piece of stick on the string each time he mentioned a murder. The village constable stood it until the seventeenth piece of stick, and then he and his crew seized the sorcerer and held him head downwards in the water till he was drowned.

In such a case the murderer commands our sympathy, but, generally speaking, it is only by accident that the guilty man is killed; and often, as when a man dies a natural death, the system of paying back fails utterly. To many, perhaps the majority of Papuans, sickness is the result of sorcery, and when a sick man dies the sorcerer must be found and put to death. And then payment for the sorcerer's death must be taken by his relations from those who killed him, and so you get murder piled upon murder to avenge the death of a man who probably really died from a surfeit of pig.

Vanity is another incentive to crime, and men, and, perhaps more often, women and children, are killed in order to win the right to wear certain ornaments, which are valued as the insignia of the assassin. Some cases are obvious enough and explain themselves, for

naturally the man who has not taken life is looked down upon, especially by the women of the village, and he consequently makes haste to remove the stigma; but there are other cases where the explanation is not so easy to grasp. I have known a case, for instance, where a little boy of eight or ten has killed his baby sister; he got the *heera* for it — that was the local name for the coveted ornament — and the mother was apparently quite satisfied. And there was another case where a little boy was dying, and before he died one of his playfellows was called in to touch him. The touch conferred the right to wear the *heera*, though the little boy was dying from natural causes; he had a snake inside him, they told me, which means that he was suffering from some internal complaint. There is something about these murders which we do not understand, and which may later on be discovered with the assistance of our anthropological department — but the difficulty is that the natives probably do not understand the matter themselves, for tradition does not live long in Papua.

Then there are other cases, not uncommon in the west, where a man, grieving over the loss of a relative, or upset by the death of a favorite pig, has set fire to his own house, quite regardless of whether anyone was inside, with the result occasionally that a child is burned to death; or where he has sallied forth and killed the first man he has met. Somewhat similar are the cases where a man, irritated because a baby would not stop crying, killed, not the baby, but his own mother, and another where a man split open his friend's head because he could not find his knife — the friend had never seen the knife, but that did not matter.

Still, making all allowance for ritual, tribal custom, irritability, the necessity of self-protection in the absence of any

system of police, I do not think that the Papuan's best friends can acquit him of a lust for blood, of which the ordinary white man is, in normal times, incapable. 'I killed him because I wanted to,' is the explanation in many cases where ritual and similar considerations can have no part. 'There are plenty more left,' is a not uncommon defense raised to a charge of murdering women and children, and one man confided to me that he made a practice of killing women in preference to men — the reasons given being both conclusive — 'the women are easier to catch than the men,' he said, 'and they do not carry spears.'

I think, therefore, that one must admit that the Papuan in his native state is addicted to bloodshed for its own sake, but I think that one must also admit that he readily abandons his murderous practices when he has come under Government influence.

As regards honesty I do not know that we have much material to go upon, but I think it probable that among themselves, in their own villages, they were usually honest, and that the rare cases of theft were severely punished. But they would rob the white man or other stranger, just as they would kill him without scruple, if they could do so without risk. The natives of Port Moresby were a race of incorrigible pilferers as far back as 1873, but there was a sense of humor in their pilfering — they stole a book out of a reverend gentleman's library, and offered to sell it back to him on his own verandah for 6d., and detected thieves demanded payment before they would restore stolen goods, just as the school children refused to learn the alphabet unless they were paid for it. Well, I suppose they are pilferers still, that is, they occasionally steal small things — but, personally, I do not find them particularly dishonest. I live within

half a mile of a native village of nearly 2000 inhabitants, but I never lock up my house, and, so far as I know, I never have anything stolen — certainly nothing of value.

Of course, no account of Papuan natives would be complete without some notice of cannibalism. I may say at once that the accounts of cannibals and cannibalism in Papua have been ridiculously exaggerated; for probably the majority of Papuans never were cannibals, and cannibalism in the worst parts of Papua never prevailed to anything like the same extent as in Fiji, and among certain tribes in Africa. Cannibalism is, as a rule, easily suppressed, a pig — where it is a matter of ritual — being sometimes substituted for the human body. It is now practically confined to a few remote districts which are not yet subject to Government control.

To come to minor faults, laziness and ingratitude are the usual charges leveled against the Papuan, without, so far as I can see, very much justification. The truth is that we expect too much from the Papuan, and habitually demand from him a standard of conduct to which few white men would dream of aspiring. As regards the charge of laziness, the fact remains that all the labor in the territory — that is, all the unskilled, and a great deal of the skilled labor — is, in fact, carried on by these lazy natives, and that without them nothing would be done at all. 'Do you think that you are a white man,' one native has been heard to say to another; 'do you think that you are a white man that you sit there and do nothing?' And it is interesting sometimes to find one's self one of a group of Europeans smoking in a shady verandah, and inveighing against the incorrigible laziness of the natives who are toiling outside in the sun. Doubtless the Papuan has not the energy of the white man in Europe or Australia

— if he had, he would have dominated the world of the tropics long ago — but he works well for a white employer who takes the slightest trouble to understand him, and in his village his life, as a rule, is much more laborious than any but a few Europeans can realize.

If one may venture to generalize at all about Papuans, I think one may say that they are a very intelligent people at a very low stage of development, that in spite of their almost insane craving for bloodshed they are readily amenable to discipline, and that they have a keen appreciation of justice. I remember two policemen who had been sentenced to death for murder, and who were to be taken by the *Merrie England*, the Government steamer, to Port Moresby — as they believed, to be hanged. When the *Merrie England* was about to start it was found that they were not on board, but in response to much shouting and whistling they at last arrived, in a state of breathless agitation, and full of apologies — they had quite forgotten, they said, that they were to be hanged at Port Moresby, or they would never have thought of going so far away from the steamer. I suppose that they argued that they had had a fair trial, and that they must stand by the consequences; in this particular case, I am glad to say that it was found possible to reduce the death sentence to very short terms of imprisonment.

The Papuan is, as a rule, a shy, suspicious sort of person, and the Government has been singularly fortunate in gaining his confidence. Sometimes, indeed, in his respect for the Government, the Papuan sacrifices the spirit to the letter. A village constable, for instance, is not always proof against temptation to break the law, but he will be careful to take off his uniform first, and I remember a case in which a prisoner shocked a court full of natives

by confessing to a murder committed on a Government road. A murder they could understand and even applaud, but a murder on a Government road was hopelessly bad form — surely the murderer might have had the decency to take the man into the bush before he killed him. The Government, for some strange reason, did not approve of murder, and while using the Government road he should have respected the Government prejudices, however absurd. At other times their love of justice, though laudable, seems rather excessive, as where (a not infrequent

case) they persist in accusing themselves of murders, of which there is no other evidence whatever, and which are perhaps quite imaginary. Magistrates naturally discourage this sort of thing. 'How many times have I told you,' said a magistrate to a policeman who appeared with one of these self-accused murderers, 'how many times have I told you that there is no good in bringing him here without witnesses?' 'I know that,' said the policeman, 'that is what I keep telling him; but he says he wants to be tried, and he will insist upon coming.'

THE SLANG OF THE TRENCHES

BY M. GOORIS

[The writer is a professor in the Athenée Royal of Brussels, who was in the Belgian Army during the war and describes its slang with authority. His article, which has been somewhat abbreviated, was originally delivered as a lecture. Just at present, when the language question in Belgium is being discussed, it gives a good idea of the mingling of the speech of Fleming and Walloon.]

From *L'Indépendance Belge*, August 5
(BRUSSELS LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

ALTHOUGH it has been the object of curiosity on every side and has been casually touched upon in articles sometimes witty but always superficial in the trench newspapers, the slang of the war is still scarcely known. The soldier usually cares very little about the language that he speaks. He does not like to have it remarked upon because he fears to be considered a queer person. He does not intend to pass for an exceptional being, but merely for a man, and it is just because he is a man and nothing else, with his points of weakness and greatness, with faults

and virtues, that his vocabulary is such a fascinating study.

In it we find again the heroism and the suffering of the war, the thousand petty miseries and petty joys of every day, the hopes and sadness, the sympathies and antipathies of the soldier. Inevitably this language possessed a cosmopolitan character, for men from every part of Belgium were living side by side on the best possible terms, and men on leave traveled in France and England, bringing back every now and then, among their other baggage, some new word that they had learned. Be-

sides essentially Belgian words, the soldier borrowed from his comrades in the fight, first from the French *poilu*, then from the British Tommy, and sometimes he even learned terms employed by Fritz himself, from prisoners in the Belgian lines.

The idle hours of the trenches made our men tireless talkers. They talked and joked and expressed themselves in the picturesque and humorous way natural to them. No literary creations, of course. If a word met with favor among civilians that was enough. Every *piot* dropped it immediately.

But it is time to make the acquaintance of some of these words, born on the banks of the Yser. 'Dumdums' was the appellation bestowed upon the men of the disciplinary or prison companies, for dum dum bullets, which make dreadful wounds, had an ugly reputation among the soldiers. One such company was known as '*tut-tut*' from the last notes of a bugle call, and was also called the '*compagnie des aïe-aïe*' (the ouch company) because everyone knew the men were kept under an iron discipline. The men referred to themselves as '*soldats de la Reine*' (soldiers of the Queen) because, they said, they had been kicked out of the army of the King and so they must certainly be serving the Queen. Sent back to their own organizations after several months of forced labor at the front, they would return gayly and proudly tell their comrades that they '*sortaient du pensionnat*' (were just back from school).

The labor battalions, too old for the fighting line and too young to be demobilized, whom we used to meet along the roads,—contentedly smoking their pipes, peacefully cracking stones, and putting into practice the law of least endeavor,—wore as insignia a crossed hatchet and spade, and were instantly baptized '*hommes de la cuiller*

et de la fourchette' (the fork and spoon boys).

If the infantry is queen of battle, the cavalry is queen of peace, and a good part of the time our lucky horsemen were in rest billets at Bourbourg in France. The other soldiers, who had heard of the traditional valor of the Cossacks, dubbed them 'the Bourbourg Cossacks.' The soldiers of the transportation corps, because of the blue collars of their uniform, were first called '*les flammes bleues*' (the blue flames) and then '*les Bastos*,' in reference to the Bastos cigarettes which the army canteens used to supply in blue packages. If the transportation corps was assigned quarters in a village, then it would be said that the Bastos had captured the town, and as the transport corps was always billeted at a respectable distance from the firing line, our infantrymen used to insist that the Germans had promised twenty-five thousand marks for the first Basto taken prisoner. The joke went on, and by August 1918 you could hear the head of a Basto valued at eighty thousand marks, so rare was their presence in the first line.

Relations between the soldiers and the gendarmes were frequently strained. It was an ungrateful task in time of war to verify papers while the impatient man on leave was waiting, or to put an end to some too boisterous frolic, or to arrest delinquents and men slow in returning, who had sometimes been guilty of peccadillos; and the fighting man would avenge himself—very good-naturedly, after all—by devising the most stinging and the raciest epithets possible, to soothe his ill humor. In the beginning the gendarmes were called the 'P. P.'s,' that is the '*piotten-pakkers*' (soldier-grabbers) and the name had universal success, but the military authorities intervened to defend the majesty of the law and

uphold the reputation of the gendarmes. In 1915 an order came down forbidding anyone to call Pandora's disciples 'the P. P.'s,' but irony was not to be downed in any such way as that, and thereafter a waggish soldier, meeting a gendarme, would whisper audibly, 'Hm! Too bad we dare n't say it any more.' In 1916 and 1917 the words '*sous-marins*' and '*mines flottantes*' appeared to enrich the pious vocabulary. The gendarme, popping up unexpectedly, was always a spoilsport, and nothing was more natural than to compare his appearance to that of a submarine or a floating mine.

Marchand de pillules, Arthur Piot, *Arthur l'Idiot*, *le Docteur Pill*, *Teinture de piot*, *le Vétérinaire*, *le ballon captif*, *Peerdenbeenhouwer* (horse doctor) and *Pensenvleesch* (meat-dresser) — these were some of the injurious epithets heaped upon the devoted head of the army doctor by the file of malingerers who reported at sick call each morning and who were invariably packed off with the note '*vu et soigné*' (examined and treated) instead of '*exempt de service*' (relieved from duty). What schemes and what devices to lead the doctor astray! Lucky was the man who could get himself marked '*exempt de bottines*' because he was hurt in the foot, or '*exempt de casque*' because he was suffering from headache, or — the height of happiness — '*exempt de marche*,' because, in the latter case, he enjoyed the supreme privilege of not having to go up to the trenches on foot, but was allowed to ride on the motor ambulance or on the commissary wagon. The medical phrase '*vu et soigné*' became so popular that our pious would use it apropos of anything. When he reached the trenches, the soldier would sometimes find an extremely uncomfortable dugout. Then he was '*vu et soigné*.' Since it was characteristic of our soldiers to make

light even of the greatest misfortunes, they even used to say of a man who had been killed, that he was '*vu et soigné*,' or else that he was '*exempt de guerre*' (relieved from war).

And what words they added to express their hatred for the slacker! The worst were much too good to designate all those who were not, like the infantry, exposed to death day and night. Ah, these '*filis à papa*' (papa's boys), these '*disciples de Sainte Adresse*' (disciples of Saint Scheme), these 'defenders of Havre and Calais,' these '*protégés par la barbelé*' (protected by the barbed wire), these '*assiettes plates*' (flat plates), this '*viande protégée*' (preserved meat), these '*blindés*' (bullet proofs), these '*réformés pour la durée de la guerre*' (discharged for the duration of the war). How the men who lived in the mud of the trenches used to hate them!

After the men of the trenches, I must speak about the arms they used, and here again are to be found the same richness, the same irony, and the same vigor in creation. I shall not waste time in explaining the numerous onomatopoeic words which described the tick-tack of the machine-guns, artillery fire, the hum of airplane motors, shell-bursts, the whistling of rifle bullets, which were formed in strange and personal fashion, according to the ear of every soldier. The 75 mm. field gun was the one best known by our soldiers. The '*klakkebuisen*,' or '*klakkebuses*' (popguns) the Walloons used to call them, or '*keffers*' (barkers) or '*poeffers*' (crackers) or '*spitzen*' (spitters) — all terms that make you think of a bothersome and noisy pug dog, which, after all, is not nearly so much feared as the 'bulldog,' the big 120 mm. gun. When there was a '*kermesse de Dixmude*' (Dixmude Fair) — that is when 75's by the hundreds were pounding the enemy lines — some soldier was sure to

emerge from a dugout, bursting with pride, and shout to a comrade, '*Eh, Jef, nos klakkebuses sont un peu là, vandaag!*' (Well, Jeff, our popguns are on the job to-day!)

In a bombardment — 'when we played football,' or 'when we played Tipperary' — the 75's would be aided by heavy artillery which sent '*sif-flantes*' (whistlers) into the German lines. These deadly big shells were baptized '*sacs à charbon*' (coal boxes) because of the black dust that they kicked up, or '*koolzakken*' (coal boxes) or '*valises diplomatiques*' (diplomatic portfolios), '*metros*' (taxis), or '*une à longue haleine*' (one with a long breath).

In 1916 trench mortars gave appreciable assistance to the men stationed in the first line, by sending over into the trenches opposite '*marmites*' (kettles), '*braseros*' (braziers), '*bidons*' (canteens), '*des grosses caisses*' (big boxes), or '*jonge piotten*' (young soldiers).

After the artillery, the place of honor fell to the machine gun, variously known as the '*moulin à café*' (coffee mill), '*le machine à coudre*' (sewing machine), and the '*stoeffer*' (riveter). Cartridges were usually known as '*cigarettes*,' and the '*étui*' (cigarette case) — alias the cartridge belt — was always said to have its regulation 120 'cigarettes.' The bombers distributed '*œufs de Pâques*' (Easter eggs) or '*appelciennen*' (oranges), and the Germans, in their turn, threw '*des pommes pourries*' or '*rotte appelen*' (rotten apples) into our advance posts.

Now a word about the arrangement of the trenches themselves, the 'home,' '*le palais*,' or '*le tunnel*' of the plot. He would enter a ditch about a square metre in size, and there, crouched on hard planks covered with a thin layer of wet straw, the fighting man felt at home. There he had all the comfort he

needed. In winter he made a good fire. An old lard-can requisitioned in the kitchen was perforated with bayonet strokes and served for a '*foyer continu*' (perpetual burner).

The shrapnel helmet — another article of equipment introduced by the war — got the most nicknames. It was quite natural to call it '*le feutre*' (the felt hat), '*la coupole*' (the dome), '*le fromage*' (the cheese), '*le pot de fleurs*' (the flowerpot), '*le parapluie*' (the umbrella) — and add the name of almost every household utensil that is round and hollow. We also called it '*marmite*' (kettle), '*soupière*' (tureen), casserole, '*saladier*' (salad dish), and '*éteignoir*' (candle-snuffer). Although it may have been the reason for the untimely baldness of some of our soldiers, it was regarded by every man as a precious object. It is not surprising, then, that they baptized it '*Paasch-hoed*,' that is to say, the hat which in time of peace they never donned save upon great occasions. They knew very well that many of them already owed their lives to the protection of this metal headgear.

The gas-mask, another novelty of the war, took its surname according to the changes of model that went on now here, now there. The little rubber bag of 1915 was speedily transformed into a '*blague à tabac*' (tobacco-pouch). At the end of the campaign, when the mask had become an elaborate apparatus, it was called '*la muselière*' (muzzle), '*cagoule*' (cowl) '*faux nez*,' (false nose), and '*varkenssnuit*' (hogsnout).

The kitchens on wheels that used to come rolling up to feed the troops in the trenches had such picturesque names as '*canons anti-avions*' (anti-aircraft guns), '*sous-marins*,' '*trains blindés*' (armored trains), '*canons à rata*' (slumgullion cannons), '*mitrailleuses à haricots*' (bean machine-guns) and '*lance-boulettes*' (bullet-throwers).

I have already indicated several times the mingling of tragic and comic that appears in the language of our soldiers. Undoubtedly, the comic note dominated, but though laughter may be a sign of the mind's mastery of things, it is also very true that the men in the trenches, hammered by shells, did not laugh continually. The idea of falling on the field of battle gave rise to several euphemisms in which the tragic note dominated. How many ways there were, some of an excessive realism, to indicate that a comrade was dead! To die was to '*aller au grand repos*' (go to the big rest), '*passer à la septième division*' (to be transferred to the seventh division), '*être dans le secteur de général Jacquet*' (to be in General Jacquet's sector) — that is to say, in the cemetery of Adinkerke — '*gagner la croix de bois*' (to get the wooden cross) — 'the only one the slackers have n't got,' the piots used to say — and finally '*être écrasé par la musique*' (to be smashed by the music).

A number of euphemisms were in use for stealing, because the Belgian soldier never admitted that he had stolen anything. He had taken '*cinq minutes de frousse*' (five minutes' funk), he had '*joué scherreweg*' (cut crosslots), he had '*fait à droite par quatre*' (done squads right), he had '*commandé quatre soldats et un caporal*' (commanded four soldiers and a corporal), or he had simply '*réquisitionné*' (requisitioned) some-

thing that his scanty pay did not enable him to buy.

Lucky was the man who came back with a good wound which would allow him to '*passer les Dardanelles*' (pass the Dardanelles), that is, to go farther back than the divisional hospital, and so be able to enjoy a fortnight of well-deserved repose. This lucky fellow, envied by every one of his companions, had gone '*pour prendre Calais*' (to take Calais) and '*pour défendre Bourbourg*' (to defend Bourbourg).

'Words, words, words,' some of my readers will say with Hamlet. Yes, these are words and something worse — extraordinary slang creations, gross deformations, clumsy puns, lamentable confusions, linguistic monstrosities. Yet let us not treat too contemptuously these poor words, already forgotten or out of fashion in these times when even the dead are not long remembered. One must have heard them in the terrible setting of No Man's Land, in the mud of the trenches, in the silence of the dugouts, or the thunder of the barrage, to understand what they reveal of quivering humanity, of joys and hopes, of hatred and suffering and of quiet heroism.

Words, nothing but words, with which the soldiers comforted their souls, gave vent to their hates and their enthusiasms, and relieved the long boredom of endless waiting — the words with which they died.

FOCH AND MOLTKE AT THE MARNE

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

[Poet, critic, humorist, and historian, Mr. Belloc added military criticism to his accomplishments during the World War and attracted attention by the extreme clarity of his articles. As a young man he was a driver in the French artillery.]

From the *New Statesman*, July 7
(LONDON LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

It was a little after five in the afternoon of Wednesday, September 9, when a general officer with the Ninth French Army rode with one companion up the road from Sezame. He had clearly in his mind, on a landscape map, the memory of three disastrous days just past. He saw the line upon that map like a small, vivid picture; he saw it as it was also in reality — the crushing of his centre back and back, day after succeeding day, through the Sunday, the Monday, the Tuesday, and the early hours of this the Wednesday, in which the crisis had come: the crisis of the Marne.

To the north, the ceaseless noise of the guns which had filled those four days still rolled, and as he heard it he considered the 42nd Division. It had just arrived behind the gap opening between the 11th and the 9th Corps. To his right, and also to the northward, but behind the line of the battle, a great storm-cloud was growing to cover the sky, and beneath it, where it darkened the last brilliance of that intensely hot day, the sharp edge of the Champagne hills, the steep down near the marshes of St. Gond, and the strangely isolated height of the Mont Aimé stood out unnaturally clear, the latter with the western light of the declining sun full on it, against the ominous livid purple of the thunder-cloud. At its base the Prussian Guard had stretched out to

the limit of their numbers; they were already too far extended, but they were still advancing. Behind again to the right (he did not know in what confusion, but the confusion had come) bunched the Saxons.

That vast modern battle was not one in which, as in those of our fathers' time, the decisive moment was grasped by the eye, and the decisive manœuvre conducted upon a field actually seen by the man deciding it. In that vast modern battle the critical moment was the end of calculation most complex and stretching back for days; yet there was, in this moment of the late afternoon, on that Wednesday, essentially the same process maturing in a length of days which had with the great Napoleon matured in an hour; and what was about to be done was essentially the same as what Marlborough had done at Blenheim, when he drew that heavy phalanx of white-coated German cavalry from the right, under the heights, launched it at the French left centre and decided Blenheim; for the enemy line, though still advancing, was stretched to its utmost, was breaking: the gap was perceived and proved fatal.

The general officer returned from his ride a little after six o'clock. He sat in the room of a private house, which during the last twenty-four hours had been the conning-tower of the fight. He had the great map before him, scored with

rough colored chalks. He saw through the great windows before him the lowering sky. He received minute by minute the telephone messages and marked their news in sharp pencil jabs upon the sheet. The dull noise to the north was the same; the reports pouring in from the Front showed little change, but that little change was as significant as the slight movement after slack water in a harbor, when the tide begins to turn.

It was still full daylight; the storm had broken on those northern hills; there were lightning flashes against the dead cloud and the noise of distant thunder mingled with the ceaseless thudding of the guns. The General ceased his labor and could lean back in his chair, resting his eyes from the map, and make certain that the thing was accomplished. An order had been given on the enemy's side, and it was an order for retreat. . . .

The evening fell, the rain drove through darkness, the thunder lessened, grumbled, and withdrew. None slept. All followed the more distant, the withdrawing signal of the artillery. The Reserve troops came marching through, hurrying to the north. The tide had indeed turned.

The general officer was mounted again with his few companions and riding north with the rest through the storm. Before midnight a great glare was seen on the horizon, blurred with rain. He informed himself what it was, and heard it was the station of La Fère Champenoise burning: the enemy had abandoned it three hours before. And still they went northward, and still the far noise of the guns retired before them, miles away.

There is a house in Luxembourg built for a large school and standing upon the public square opposite the Post Office. Here was housed, in that same

September of 1914, the Central Command of the German Armies. Hence proceeded the central determining orders which moulded the battle reaching along one hundred and fifty miles of front, two hundred miles away.

The little hill-town on its splendid gorge was quiet enough. The German officers came and went through the streets, courteous, not ill-liked, among a people whom they had always regarded as one of their own; no cruelties had marked this violation of what they thought to be no more than a technical neutrality. The coinage, the customs, the railways had been German for a lifetime; German speech was all about them, and the traditions they knew. The afternoon was fair and warm in Luxembourg, high though the town stands. Here was all the odd, ironic air of peace, though here was the heart of the attack and of the enormous war.

Into that great empty building, now filled with its busy groups of writing and telephoning men, its big, bare deal tables with their masses of maps pinned down, its walls covered with further maps, lines in blue and red chalk drawn upon them and numbers hastily inscribed, came for the first time, after so many days of triumphant advance, the note of change. There was half an hour of too great calm, during which decision wrested against decision and a proud refusal to accept inevitable things; but the moment came — it was the later reflex of that great moment after, when the thunderstorm had broken far away beyond the reedy belts of the Marne River. An order had been given at the Front: the man upon whose responsibility it went — a man already broken with illness — rose and went out uncertainly, as though he were far older than his age, leaning upon the plain iron rail of the school staircase as he painfully descended the steps; then slowly,

with bent head, wandered into the neglected court and garden.

Between him and the public square there was but a low wall supporting high, open, iron rails far apart. He came in his full uniform, this general officer who had accepted and ordered the retirement. He was a nobleman, superior in military talent to his fellows, even amid that great organization which was the best designed for war in Europe. He leaned against the railings a moment with his left hand; his whole body was bowed; and then he sat him down, careless of dignity, careless of prestige. He sat down publicly on the low stone wall that supported the railings, his head bending more and more forward, and staring at the ground. He bore a name with very different

memories of cold triumph. It was Moltke.

A group of boys playing in the square ceased from play to see so strange a sight, timidly approached the railings, and stared at that poor broken figure. They could know nothing of the stark traditions of the Prussian army, nor of how strange a sight they saw in that public, broken humiliation, but they felt its enormity. He, for his part, had forgotten what was around him — the place, the children; he stared at the ground, remembering as in a vivid dream his urgent appeal to his Emperor, his agony at defeat, his intelligence too great for his heart, and the knell still ringing there: 'The campaign has failed. . . . The campaign has failed.'

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD MAIDEN

BY GUIDO DA VERONA

[The author of this tale belongs to the realistic school, which combats the influence of literary exoticism of D'Annunzio. Their method is defined in a collection of their works as 'descriptive naturalism.' Signor da Verona's numerous novels have enjoyed great success in Italy during the last decade.]

From Nakanune, June 10
(BERLIN BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

THIS story was told me by Nat Medji-Metis, the Indian, while we sailed over the tropical Atlantic in a sleepless, starlit night.

'In India' — so began my friend Nat Medji — 'there is a country called the Punjab. They smoke opium there.

'Behind a huge, cracked stone arch stands an ugly shack with sagging, bulging walls and a small round door that looks as if pressed into its swollen side. The shack can be reached only by

a narrow alley, so little that even a small donkey with a light load cannot squeeze through. A foreigner, even though he has visited the place several times, accompanied by a native, will never be able to find it again without his guide, for he will lose his way in the labyrinth of the neighboring streets.

'For years and years the four little windows in the front wall of the shack had been shut tight. Under one of these windows — the one nearest to

the corner — stood a basket full of combed flax upon which slept a cat — an old black cat with amber eyes, who never uttered a sound. For many years the shack had belonged to Oo Ching the Chinese, a man of a most evil reputation. He was a tall old man who looked like a skeleton, with the oily, hairless, darkened face of a eunuch and an inquisitive glance. His mysterious riches made people nurse the darkest suspicions. Two fingers upon his right hand were missing, knuckle and all, and to conceal this defect he always kept his right hand hidden under the edge of an incredibly long coat. He had been married to a native woman — though other Chinese never contract such marriages — and the beautiful Indian adorned herself in the finest fabrics and walked like a princess, clinking her golden bracelets, and wrapped in a cloud of dizzy fragrance.

'She died suddenly and mysteriously. They talked about Oo Ching's having murdered her, but nobody thought much about the matter. Are there few women dying in Punjab? One more — one less — it does n't matter. She left an eighteen-year-old daughter — Mem Shura.

'She was the most beautiful of India's maidens,' said Nat Medji-Metis; but I could not make out where and when he met the girl. We became great friends, but there was a great deal in his tales that I never could understand, they were always so mixed up and confusing.

In short, the bulging little house beyond the arch belonged to Oo Ching but he did not live there and did not want to rent it the way he rented his other houses to the flax-dealers who were always such good payers.

Why? Heaven knows; but he always kept the door locked and entered the house only after dark, like a thief.

'Do you want me to describe to you the beauty of Mem Shura? You know

yourself how beautiful Indian maidens are. Their eyes glow like scarabs, golden bracelets tinkle on their slender arms the color of a spring olive. Sometimes a flower in the hair.'

After his wife's death Oo Ching became still more silent and evaded people.

'His conscience is tormenting him,' the neighbors were saying. But one night — oh, what a night that was! All drowned in stardust, all filled with the fragrance of magnolias that seemed to burn in the stifling air like drops of incense in a burner. A night for murder and crime. That night people heard a piercing cry in the little house, and about dawn somebody saw Oo Ching spring out of his door with the face of a madman, lock it at a double turn, look around, and then walk away with the slow steps of a murderer.

After that night Mem Shura was not seen any longer. Oo Ching was accused of murder, but the local sheriff, for a huge sum of money, stifled the affair and started a story that Mem Shura had gone North. Nobody believed, of course, and the young girls even made up a song: 'In yonder old house under the arch the beautiful Mem Shura looks out of the window.'

From the way Nat Medji told the story I did not understand whether all this happened many years before, or at the time he lived in Punjab. To tell the truth, this man drank much rum, much gin, and smoked opium. However, I could make out that Oo Ching sold all his belongings and went North. The little house beyond the arch was bought by another Chinese, a stranger in the country, a man of middle age, very polite, agreeable, cautious, and speaking the Bengali dialect beautifully. His name was Lao Ming.

He opened an opium house in the little shack which was now called by everyone the 'House of the Dead Maid-

en' — not a third-class stuffy and dirty den, the kind people call *shando-kanas*, but clean, elegant, *pukka*.

His opium was of such fine quality, he prepared the tiny black pills so quickly and neatly, that the House of the Dead Maiden soon became the most frequented opium-house of the town. People of good society came there, even *sahibs*. The corner room, under whose window the old black cat with amber eyes lay in his basket, was decorated best of all and there only distinguished visitors were admitted. In that room stood a memorial statue of Oo Ching. Probably at the time when the house changed hands the two Chinese had made some strange agreement, that a memorial statue should be placed in that room. Lao Ming kept his promise and a few grains of incense always burned before the image.

Nat Medji — a habitual visitor — always spread his mat next to the statue. As soon as twilight descended upon the dingy alley, he and his friend Klam Dinoo, the whip-maker, knocked at the little round door.

'Klam Dinoo also loved Mem Shura,' said Nat Medji.

'You both loved Mem Shura?' I asked, astonished; 'but was n't she dead?'

Nat Medji smiled the condescending smile of an opium-smoker and explained nothing. He only said: —

'After Klam Dinoo began to call at the House of the Dead Maiden, not a single new lash was made at his factory!'

I understood. What is all the world and its cares to an opium-smoker? Both of them rich men, they could afford to pay an obol a day to the rogue Lao Ming. Oh, what uncountable gold burns up in the tiny cups of the reed-pipes lighted by Lao Ming's silver needle! Whoso inhales their sweet vapor once will never again count the money in his pocket. To have just

enough money each month to fill the avid hand of Lao Ming — here is the sense of life and of riches, all poesy and happiness.

That night upon the ocean, after I heard this tale, I vainly tried to sleep and yearned madly for that inhuman felicity. What small, petty souls are ours! We seek love in a woman, poetry in books, riches in money, glory in labor. Why stretch out our arms after the impossible when a single tiny black pill, a silver needle, and a little vapor can fulfill all our dreams.

There is a devastating quality in our minds. We want to be exact in our thinking, pedantic in our expression, and while we thus strive to penetrate the sense of things to the very bottom, we only destroy their original integrity. The man who has learned the secret of opium wishes none of that. Perhaps that is why I did not really understand the tale of Nat Medji, who was alien to all terrestrial exactness.

As soon as twilight descended, Nat Medji and Klam Dinoo stood before the little round door. At this hour the quarter of the traders in flax was drowned in silence. The black cat jumped out of its basket to meet them. Sometimes Lao Ming escorted them to the corner room, sometimes he did not even look at them. He himself was an addict to the devastating vice — perhaps he was the most incorrigible of all the smokers, but he smoked only five or six times in a month and never forgot to pour the coins into his bottomless pouch.

Nat Medji spread his mat before the statue, Klam Dinoo lay down beside him. Others would come, but there was no noise, not even a sigh. Lao Ming lighted the first pipes with his silver needle.

Next to the window lay a giant Persian. A deathly pale Afghan, dry as a skeleton, stretched his body to all its

full length, propping himself up on his elbows, raising up his tightly clenched fists in the air.

Nat Medji would smoke, swallowing the vapor slowly with his eyes closed. Little by little, his clear consciousness would leave him, melting like nightly mists in the first rays of sunshine. Each cell of his prostrate body filled with indescribable happiness. How old was he? Two thousand years? Or was he born yesterday?

The idea of time and time itself flew from his unshackled soul like an airy white butterfly. Some of the smokers never awoke. Women died sooner than men. They would come thither beautiful, alluring, their bracelets tinkling like the tiny bells on a horse's collar when the beast eagerly eats its portion of oats. In two or three months these women became old, feeble hags. One of them used to lie not far from Nat Medji — with a long, wrinkled neck, snoring as if in deathly agony.

The dim bluish waves of vapor made the faces of the smokers seem distant

and lose their concrete outlines. Everything human slowly flowed out of their veins. Sleep — the light and tender butterfly — bore off their souls on its wings far from the dirty quarter of the flax-traders, and into the crystalline spheres of fancy where wish and thought clothe the impossible dreams with living flesh. Some rich natives and Europeans hired boys to watch their pipes and to light new ones for them, but Nat Medji did it for himself, automatically, until the last one fell from his weakened hands and the mind was lulled into complete oblivion.

Then it was that Mem Shura, the beautiful daughter of Oo Ching, entered the room. Her silk shawl crackled softly like the wings of a dragonfly. A white magnolia adorned her shiny black hair under a golden hoop. The room became filled with starlight, and the fragrance of distant trees breaking out in blossom swayed the heavy waves of blue smoke.

Incense burned before the statue of Oo Ching.

MOVING-PICTURE PROSPECTS AND RETROSPECTS

BY E. V. LUCAS

From the Times, July 30, 31, and August 1
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE cinema (which a few die-hards still call 'ki-nema' with enormous satisfaction) having attained the responsible age of thirty-three years, perhaps a survey of its past and present, and some conjectures as to its future, probable or desirable, may be made; and even if I am in no sense such an adherent as to be what Americans call a 'movie fan,'

perhaps I may be allowed to make them.

The first cinema that most of us who are no longer young can remember was called the zoetrope (or wheel of life). You looked through slits in a revolving cardboard cylinder, and behold! acrobats tumbled. Few toys were more popular in mid-Victorian nurseries.

The next cinema that I personally saw was a little flexible book of pictures which you turned over very rapidly, and behold! children played seesaw and bowled their hoops. And then there was the magic lantern (that glorious instrument), when an old man in a nightcap in bed opened his mouth and rats ran into it. This was achieved by turning a handle in the slide.

All magic lanterns and dissolving-view entertainments were an ecstasy — and I wish that the new invention had not so completely thrust them into oblivion — but they were never so much so as when there were comic pictures that moved. There were also panoramas with mechanical effects; I remember one with an eruption of Vesuvius in it. This also was done with a handle.

The first real films that I remember seeing were those displayed at the end of every performance at the Palace Theatre when it was a hall of variety. The 'Biograph' was the name given to this feature, 'invented by Herman Casler'; and with it a new world seemed to come into being. That was in the late eighteen-nineties. A railway journey in Wales, with rapid and exciting music by Mr. Finck, comes back to me as I write, and the sudden emergence from a tunnel at Conway Castle. No films since have carried the same thrill.

The beginnings of this astonishing invention are complex. It is commonly credited to Eadweard Muybridge, the author of a book called *The Horse in Motion*, published in 1878, who invented an instrument called the zoopraxiscope, which enabled an audience to see creatures actually in being: athletes competing, thoroughbreds galloping, and so forth. Our old friend the zoetrope was the basis of this device, in which, in place of the drawn figures of the toy, Muybridge inserted his instantaneous photographs, taken

in a sequence of cameras placed in a row beside race courses and running-tracks, the shutters of which were operated automatically, by means of threads, by whatever creature was in motion. The zoetrope being filled with the pictures in their right order, Muybridge put it in action and flung them on the screen. The result could never be complete continuity, but it was very near it.

Although this was not the cinema proper, it is probable that but for Muybridge's ingenuity the cinema might not have come so soon, or even might not have come at all. For it chanced that he gave the first exhibition of the zoopraxiscope before the Electrical Congress in Paris in 1881, in the laboratory of Dr. E. J. Marey, who was also studying the subject, and it stimulated certain French men of science; and in 1882 he lectured on his researches to the Royal Institute in London, when much interest was aroused among English investigators, too. I can distinctly remember how people talked about these photographs, and how the old horse-painters were put to shame!

Three years later an American photographer, George Eastman, hit upon the possibility of a rolled film, to take the place of plates, and this made cameras pocketable. Short as was the roll, it was long enough to suggest further potentialities; and yet it was not until 1890, five years later, that the continuous celluloid film, without which the cinema could not exist, came into being, the fruit of the energy and ingenuity of Muybridge's friend in Paris, Dr. Marey. A year before this, however, an English photographer named Freise Greene had made a camera to take a moving picture, and on November 15, 1889, he took the traffic at Hyde Park Corner and developed his pictures.

We have, therefore, three names to

honor in particular: Muybridge, who first thought of capturing motion; Freise Greene, who made the first camera for that purpose; and Marey, who devised the celluloid film, without which a long and fluid series of living photographs would be impossible.

Other experimentalists also have made claims to be accorded first prize, chief of them being that modern wizard, Thomas Alva Edison. There is no doubt that Edison's kinetoscope, patented in 1893, and exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in that year, came nearer the modern instruments than any that had preceded it, but whether Edison could have made it without Muybridge's instantaneous photography and zoöpraxiscopes, and without Marey's continuous celluloid strip, is a question. Personally, I think that to Eadward Muybridge, of Kingston-on-Thames (1830-1904), belongs the chief honor.

The continuous film having come in 1890, 1890 is the date officially given as the birth year of the cinema. It is therefore now thirty-three years old. But as a means of beguilement it did not get to work in London until 1895 or 1896, and then only as a music-hall turn, for the most part topical or scenic. The first cinema theatre in London pure and simple was the Daily Bioscope in Bishopsgate, opened on May 6, 1906. It gave a twenty minutes' programme of films on topical events. This was followed by another in Seven Sisters Road three weeks later. The first big cinema proper was opened at Shepherd's Bush in 1907. To-day London and Outer London have seven hundred cinema theatres, and it is unlikely that there will ever be fewer, for the cinema is a fact in our existence.

Muybridge's interest in living photographs was purely scientific. His original purpose was to solve the problem, so difficult for the eye to detect, of

how a horse trotted, cantered, and galloped, and from this he passed to other cognate researches, all associated with the secrets of motion. What he would think of the preoccupation to-day of his scientific child with the secrets of emotion we cannot know. It is true that the cinema has done, and can do, and no doubt will do, special work nearer his heart; but at the moment, as a walk through London or any provincial town will abundantly prove, the principal use to which it is being put is melodrama. In other words, what began with a curious patient investigation of nature seems to have passed, at any rate for the time being, to those pioneers of the passionate world, Pola Negri, Pauline Frederick, and Rudolph Valentino. For I look upon the comic films as comparatively negligible. Those indefatigable comedians, Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon, no doubt number their followers by the million, but when all is said it is the emotional story that draws the people in.

'You must not,' said one who suspected that I was proposing to adopt a superior standpoint, 'be too hard on an invention that is only thirty-three years old. What do you suppose the drama or the art of painting was like at that age?' That is a fair comment; but on the other hand it has to be remembered that the drama and the art of painting were born in primitive times, while the cinema is a very late blossom of civilization. The question we have to ask is not 'How much has the cinema done in its time?' but, rather, 'How much has it progressed? How much better is it in 1923 than it was, say, in 1913, and in 1903? Is it as much better to-day, at the end of thirty-three years, as it ought to be? Did not the mountain propose to produce something more like a lion?'

Recalling certain very early films, I cannot feel that, in spite of such an

interesting and elaborate drama as the recent *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* and the big-game pictures at the Polytechnic and Pavilion, sufficient progress has been made. But then, in a far greater number of years, to what extent has the stage improved — since 1602, for example, when *Hamlet* was produced?

At the moment of writing, London, at any rate in its leading cinema theatres, — and a new and very distinguished-looking one is almost ready on the site of the old Tivoli music hall: a sign of the times indeed! — has, I believe, no film running that was constructed from the first word by a producer with an original motive, such as *The Birth of a Nation* and *Intolerance*. Both of these were organic conceptions which, without the cinema, could never have been presented.

The invention — I might almost say the perfection — of the cinema brought Mr. Griffith into being, to compose and produce these deeply moving and enlightening spectacles. It may be that he is at work upon a successor of equal seriousness, and it may be that at Hollywood, or wherever these vast enterprises are carried through, other minds and imaginations are also at work with a kindred ambition; but at the moment there is in London no sign of any such motive or activity; and is it by chance or deliberate intent that Mr. Griffith himself followed those masterpieces with such comparatively inferior efforts as *The Orphans of the Storm* and *Way Down East*?

First-class films are rare. It would not surprise me to find that this is because there is a large enough public for the inferior article to make it unnecessary to do better; for since I began to write these articles I have asked many persons their views on the cinema, and have found that the attitude of most of them to it is one of extreme lenience.

Like Thackeray, who was so firm in his fidelity to 'the play' as a whole, rather than to any piece in particular, they confess to an enthusiasm for 'the pictures' generally. They like to be there. It is a rest, a change; the eye is tickled; the mind need not work. This being so, why should film-producers overexert themselves — and especially so since the lure of the films tends more and more to be the lure of personality?

I have no information as to whether or not film-acting is growing noticeably better; but it would not be remarkable if it were stationary, for your performer of genius must always arise capriciously: he cannot be supplied to demand. The greatest genius that the film has produced is, I suppose, Charlie Chaplin, who at once grasped its possibilities and made the fullest use of them — so full that if his vogue is not what it was, the reason is largely because he provided so many imitators with too many seeds from which to grow the flower. None of his imitators that I have seen — and as I dislike imitators I have, when I could, avoided them — can approach him in drollery, in resourcefulness, in charm. But they are sufficiently humorous to put him in danger of being accused by a new generation of being an imitator of himself. He has, however, a remedy; for his genius cannot be imitated, and only half his genius is in his farce. With those eyes and that mouth and those delicate hands, and with his supreme gift of suggesting an almost abysmal melancholy, he can, whenever he will, enter upon new triumphs in sentiment and the comedy that is allied to tears. But he must employ someone else to write the stories.

It seems to be unavoidable to compare the cinema with the stage, and this probably is the cinema's fault through tending more and more to be the stage's rival. At first it was more occupied with life and nature, impossible events and

magic; but now it offers little but drama. This strikes me as unfortunate. To me the principal value of the cinema is that it can show us things that otherwise we could never see; yet its most popular work at the moment is the presentation of well-known plays and well-known novels.

I am personally bewildered by the fact that anyone who has seen a play acted on the stage, with the author's words accompanying each gesture, should wish to witness it again — as it were in a mirror, and with one's ears stopped with wax. One must suppose either that the pleasure of being in a cinema theatre, no matter what the nature of the programme, is a sufficient bliss or anodyne, or that the mass of the people who witness these plays — and the Americans, with their instant gift of supplying what are conceived to be verbal needs, call these people the 'optience' — have not seen the play itself.

Again, when I have read a novel shaped and written by a man of letters responsible for his words, and have enjoyed his management of phrase and choice of epithet, it gives me no pleasure to visit a cinema theatre and see the bare outline of the plot reeled off with a musical accompaniment that sometimes may be suggestive but usually is irrelevant. I can, however, understand that to the stranger to that novel there is a real appeal. And it is true that the result of turning a play or a novel into a film, even though it were better that everything seen on the film had been specially prepared for it, can be very chastening. Few films can be followed right through without some exercise of the finer emotions, some awakening of the deeper feelings. They may even sting to remorse and reform; and this is good when ossification is the rule. But when all is said, what the cinema has provided has in the main been dope.

Very delightful dope, fairly harmless dope, but dope.

A wise autocrat would probably ration it with some strictness. The movies have a way of growing on their frequenters with a drug-like persistence, and I can't think it a good thing that the weekly attendance at cinema theatres in the British Isles should be twenty-two million people. Even if the appeal were less lurid, I should doubt if this was the best way for twenty-two million people to be spending time every week, for, although all kinds of architectural and sanitary improvements have been made, cinema theatres are still practically in darkness, all tax the eyes, and few have proper ventilation.

And now we come to the question, 'What is the cinema going to do? Is it always to be providing pictorial anodyne?' I cannot believe that it will be content to remain at that. But I have few suggestions to make towards the improvement of the type of film which at present dominates, except that they should be written directly for the cinema by authors acquainted with its marvelous powers.

One of the cinema's most precious gifts is its ability to leap backwards and forwards into time and instantaneously construct either a significant early environment or illustrate a dark foreboding or happy hope. It can also, with equal celerity, heavily underline and isolate whatever needs such treatment. It can show with the utmost vividness what is in every character's mind; it can almost draw pictures of abstract ideas! And not the least interesting of its peculiar advantages is that it can appeal to all the world at the same moment with almost equal force — for I take it that Tokyo is hardly less familiar with Mary Pickford than is Tooting or Turin. Juicious films might then be very federating things,

and I advise the League of Nations to think of this. But probably the cinema-managers will require a little financial persuasion to let such alloy in.

The eye receives impressions more rapidly and retains them longer than any other organ of sense, and the cinema in appealing to the eye is therefore at an immense advantage. 'We place the world before you' was the motto of an early film-producing company, and it is true. There is almost no phase of civilization or nature that the cinema cannot place before us, even to scenes of life in the depths of the sea. In the illustration of evolution it can do more in ten minutes than a textbook in ten hours. By the use of a magnifying lens it can bring the marvels of insect physiology almost alarmingly to our gaze. No one who saw a recent film of spiders can ever look at a spider again without awe, or dare to set a foot on so august a piece of mechanism.

I can conceive natural-history pictures both stimulating the study of nature and curbing the youthful desire to kill and be cruel. I should like to see as much attention paid to the English fauna all unconscious of the camera as is given to the jungle.

When it comes to the education of the young the cinema's duties are simple. There might very well be children's cinemas, where mixed programmes of entertainment and instruction would be arranged, and nothing would be shown that was unsuitable. It is deplorable that children should be present at cinema performances where emphasis is laid upon lawlessness and what is sordid and hectic. In many cases the children have to be there if the parents are, because they cannot be left alone; but there are too many other cases where the parents are merely thoughtless or cynical, and here the State ought to step in and assume control.

The films could teach history better

than any book, and no doubt Little Arthur will some day reach the movies. King John being forced to sign Magna Charta, once seen, would never be forgotten, and if that momentous event were the culmination of a series of pictures illustrating the crying need of such a document, a real and indelible lesson would have been inculcated. Similarly, the steps that necessitated the Reform Bill might be depicted. There have been many French Revolution films, but have any of them shown why the Revolution was inevitable?

I can see the children's cinema also as a tremendous moral force. An advertisement of an educational work issued some forty years ago consisted of two rows of heads, graded from infancy to old age, the one blameless and benign, the other degraded and debased. They were called, I think, 'The child, what will he become?' and the idea was that you had no chance of achieving respectability and success unless you read the book. Could there be a more fruitful medium for the cinema on which to exercise its marvelous ingenuity?

The educational films that are avowedly and strictly informative probably miss some of their usefulness. That is only natural, for it is human to avoid direct instruction. But indirect instruction can be imparted by the cinema in one of the pleasantest ways possible, and it should remain in the mind for a very long while. Children who saw Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood* must have a better idea of Merrie England and castle life than those who did not, and even if they are convinced that outlaws advanced only by leaps and bounds no harm is done. The accurate representation of life in England at significant periods from the days of woad onwards would make a very interesting picture. Mr. Forestier has done something of the kind in a

series of drawings at the London Museum; but how much more vivid and memorable would a movie be!

The films, said a shrewd observer to me, will probably never improve so long as they make the effort to appeal to everyone indiscriminately. They will have to specialize more. This seems to me to be true. I have an idea, also, that in the future of the cinema something rather more intimate may be accomplished. I see no reason why individual entertainment should not become popular. We have Mr. Griffith making vast pictures out of his own head, with energy and resource; why should not our authors prepare a two hours' session? No one understands the potentialities of the film better than Sir J. M. Barrie, as people will discover when his version of *Peter Pan* is ready: how delightful would be an entertainment arranged by him, with nothing in it that was not wholly to his mind, even if it were not wholly his invention!

Here the cinema would be at its most versatile. Most stories could be condensed — always, when possible, by their own authors.

The art of photography seems to have reached a point of sufficient accomplishment to supply at any rate most of a producer's needs. It is therefore to the producer that we must look for the cinema's improvement. But in one branch of cinematography there seems to be a complete standstill, and that is color. Many years ago I saw some remarkable pictures of flowers which Mr. Charles Urban had succeeded in taking; but it is a long while since I have seen anything else to compare with these. Does this mean that further progress was impossible or that there was no public for anything so undramatic and delicate?

But, whatever may be the future of the cinema, one purpose it will always fulfill: it will always be the theatre of the deaf. Indeed, the value of its kindness to the deaf cannot be overestimated.

SERGEANT MURPHY ON ZIONISM

BY A. P. GARLAND

[Mr. Garland's article is by no means the less interesting because of its debt to a certain already famous American original.]

From the *English Review*, August
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

COMMISSIONAIRE SERGEANT MURPHY had taken his usual seat in the corner of the bar parlor of the Hare and Hounds, Mitcham. On the table close by was a tankard of ale; in his mouth a short, black pipe; and on his knees a daily newspaper, which he consulted from time to time.

'What's this 'ere Zionism, Sar'nt?'

asked Heddle, the landlord. 'There's a lot of talk about it in the papers. Something to do with the Jews, I reckon.'

'It is,' said the Sergeant. 'It's what a lot o' people would like to do with them. Wait a bit an' I'll tell ye.' He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and laid it on the table.

'Zionism,' he went on, 'is the theery that the Jew is tired of living with and on Gentiles like you and me, Heddle, and asks no more thin to be allowed to go back to the Land of Noses where he belongs. For nearly two thousand years he's been wandherin' about, visiting Russia, and New York, and England, Ireland — and not Scotland — and Maidenhead, and Brighton, and other places of intherest, ginerally compound; but he's had enough of it, and his heart craves for the land of his forefathers, as far as the same may be ascertained.

'That's the theery, Heddle, but it always makes me think of the coons on the stage that are always singing about wantin' to go back to Dixie. Wan of them has been singin' it for ten years, to my knowledge, but he's still dhrawin' his week's wages in Threasury notes, and the only reason that keeps him away from Dixie is that he doesn't want to go there.

'It's the same with the Jews an' Palestine. Rosenberg wondhers why Cohen doesn't sell his jeweler's shop in the Borough, and take the 2.45 from Blackfriars and all the little Cohens, eight of them, numbering off from the right, to where their fathers fought and bled the Philistines, at probably twinty per cent per month on their own note of hand.

'Cohen thinks that if Rosenberg were a Yiddisher of the bulldog breed, he'd give up the fur thrade, and start a colony of Rosenbergs in the desert, where their ancestors lived on mammon for forty years.

'But Cohen's just bought a house in Maida Vale on a nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine years' lease, an' can't very well budge till it has expired, and Rosenberg says a sandy soil isn't a bit of good for a man suffering from chronic heartburn, an' until Palestine's as near as the Isle of Man an' fitted with all modern improvements, including a

tape-machine, nayther of thim is likely to see it.'

'What I want to know,' asked Heddle, 'is, Where do we come in?'

'We — we're the instigators and conthrivers,' said the Sergeant. 'Didn't we promise Palestine to the Jews to have an' to hold? We had a promising lot of lads in the Government at the time, and they were fixin' the terms of a stable worruld peace, and they run against Palestine on the map.

"Palestine," says one. "Not a bit of good to us. There isn't a golf-course in the whole area."

"Why not give it to the Jews?" says another. "With a bit of luck we might get thim to go there." So they give it thim. An' it was only whin the war was over that the rale owner, the Arab, the noble son of the desert, dressed in wan sheet and a spear, came forward to make throuble.

'By that time the Jews were pouring in from all quarters — of Russia an' Rumania — and they kept pourin' in until there was nearly as many as you'd see at the football match between the Gasworks and Merton Invicta.

'So we sint an army to protiet them from the rapacious owner of the land, and officials to register thim for unemployed pay, and money to provide thim with unaccustomed luxuries —'

'Who pays for all that?' asked Heddle.

'We do, you do, I do — sure, aren't we proud to restore the Jew to his native home? You're just as proud as I am meself, Heddle.'

'If I thought they were all going, I might —' began the landlord.

'I'll tell ye,' said Sergeant Murphy. 'I met Reuben Bronstein this morning. He's in the di'mond thrade in Hatton.

"Do ye know anything about Zionism, Mr. Bronstein?" says I.

"No," says he. "What race is it running in?"'

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE CHAIN OF PRINCES STREET

BY ELIZABETH S. FLEMING

[Poetry (Edinburgh)]

'If I were Queen of all the land,
To ask whate'er I might,
I'd wear the chain of Princes Street,
Of Princes Street at night.

'(Strung on a strand of silver wire
Between the earth and sky,
The golden lights of Princes Street
Will haunt me till I die.)

'I'd wear it on a purple gown,
With fur of twilight gray,
And set it swaying, shimmering,
At closing of the day.

'And as I went my way serene,
The people would bow down,
And say, "There goes the bonny Queen
Of Edinburgh Town!"'

MR. BOND

BY ERIC CHILMAN

[Spectator]

HE was so very deep in woodland lore,
So skilled with brain and old, meticulous hands,
We children ran beside him to adore,
And searched with him for hidden fairylands.

He'd imitate the growling of a bear,
A strutting cock, the gait of an old hen;
He knew the stars, the laws of what-grew-where,
The strategy for leaden soldier-men.

And when, next door, he lay with heaving breast
For tortured hours — whose end was sure, they said —
We stopped the clocks whose chime might break his rest,
And left our toys, and played at being dead.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MANZONI

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet, author, and patriot, has been the occasion of numerous reviews of Manzoni's life and work in the European press. While the critics have been writing essays about him, two works dealing with him have also appeared. The first is a work in three volumes, called *Manzoni Intimo*. The first two volumes are a collection of family letters and recollections put together by the poet's daughter, Vittoria Giorgini Manzoni. The third volume is a collection of ninety-four letters and seventeen post cards to other members of his family. The other work is devoted to Manzoni's autographs.

Manzoni is best known to the world outside Italy by his play, *I Promessi Sposi*, to the revision of which, before its publication of the second edition, he devoted ten years of labor. The first edition appeared in 1827, and, according to his servant who later published a book, *Le memorie di un antico domestico de Alessandro Manzoni*, the dramatist never ceased to be amazed at its success. After the first edition appeared, Manzoni went to Florence, as he said, 'to rinse his sails in the Arno,' and then proceeded 'to put that poor text into the vivid Florentine language.'

The poet's daughter, Julia, used to complain of the habitual conscientiousness of Manzoni's revisions, and it is said that on one occasion, after he had rewritten a letter seventeen times, his wife took his pen out of his hand by force and compelled the overconscientious writer to abandon the effort at further improvement.

Manzoni was an extremely modest

man. It is said that when Sir Walter Scott visited Manzoni at Milan in 1822, he praised *I Promessi Sposi* warmly. 'It is only the result of reading your novels,' said Manzoni modestly. 'In that case,' retorted Scott quickly, '*I Promessi Sposi* is my masterpiece.'

According to one story, Manzoni as a young man was very much of an idler. One evening, however, as he stood at the roulette table, he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and the voice of the poet Vincenzo Monti whispered in his ear: 'You will never write any verse around *this* table.' Manzoni left the game and never returned.

Manzoni was a patriot as well as a poet, and was deeply interested in the movement for the unification of Italy. Antonio Rizzuti, writing in the *Nuova Antologia*, tells this story of his patriotic endeavors:—

Among the letters of his friend, Emilio Broglio, there is one that explains Manzoni's unwillingness to accept the honor of the Senatorship that was offered him. Broglio is writing to a friend, presumably Rattazzi:

'Manzoni begs me — if it is appropriate to use such a word in speaking of so great a man — to presume upon the friendship with which you honor me, to get him out of a scrape that he, with his nervous timidity and sensitiveness, feels is very serious. He has heard and has read in the newspapers that you intend to nominate him for the Senate. "Now," he says, "if this were to occur, I should find myself in the horrible position of being unable either to accept or to refuse. Were I to reject an honor that is also a noble duty imposed upon me by the King

and the Government, whom I love with all my being, and who are entitled to my gratitude as an Italian, a subject, and a private citizen, I would in truth *étonner le monde avec l'excès de mon ingratitude*. On the other hand, it is absolutely impossible to accept. Quite apart from the fact that at my age of seventy-five traveling, changing my residence and my habits, separating myself from an invalid wife and from a family that could not follow me, are serious obstacles indeed, there is something still worse. It would be out of question for me to speak in the Senate. I stutter anyway, and should stutter horribly in such a position. The members would surely laugh behind my back, just to hear me take the oath of office: '*Giu-giu . . . giuro*' (I s-s-swear). To enter the Senate, even though permitted to remain silent, would be a serious undertaking for a man who for forty years has scarcely left his residence on account of his nervous attacks."

But a way was found out of the difficulty, and the author of the *Inni* and *I Promessi Sposi* became a Senator.

It is reported that once, when Manzoni was in the Senate, Cavour made a speech to show that the spirit of liberty and patriotism was consistent with strong religious faith. He cited, as testifying to this, 'our philosophers Gioberti and Rosmini, and the greatest living poet of Europe, the illustrious man that you have honored yourselves by seating among our colleagues.' As if to show more visibly this spirit of conciliation, Count Cavour left the Senatorial Palace arm in arm with Senator Alessandro Manzoni.

The crowd outside broke into wild applause at seeing the great poet and the great Premier arm in arm. Manzoni, surprised and bewildered by the incident, delicately extricated himself from what was to him an embarrassing

situation. Gently withdrawing his arm from that of Cavour, he likewise began to applaud the maker of modern Italy.

An intimate friend of Manzoni relates that the two were together one evening in a public garden at Milan. Some passers-by, recognizing him, whispered: 'Manzoni! Manzoni!' People began to stop, then others gathered from all sides, and in a minute or two Don Alessandro found himself the centre of a large throng of gentlemen, ladies, and children. Everyone wanted to shake his hand, or at least to touch his garments, as if he were a saint. Some ladies asked him to bless their children. After a good half-hour of this, they extricated themselves, and the poet left the park between two long files of people who enthusiastically shouted, 'Viva Manzoni!'

His friend said it was a spontaneous ovation. 'No, no,' replied the poet, 'you do not understand it. These good people, seeing an old man among them who has long since ceased to be entitled to live in this world, have simply greeted him as a guest.'



THE BULK OF G. K. C.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton — who, with the able assistance of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, is one of the most vigorous and certainly one of the most entertaining assailants of the social system as it exists to-day (as well as of the Socialistic system as Messrs. Shaw, Webb, and their associates in the Fabian Society would like to see it to-morrow) — delivered himself of a more than usually startling utterance. He drew an analogy between the position of a slave and the position of the average citizen in modern society. In all the things that really matter, he averred, the difference is negligible.

The speech was characteristically

Chestertonian. It sparkled in all the places where a speech ought to sparkle. It led carefully up to a prepared conclusion of undisputed orthodoxy, and it had the requisite number of paradoxes carefully polished and pasted in at exactly the proper point in every paragraph. But Mr. Chesterton has a vulnerable point — his stature. It is impossible to gaze upon those goodly proportions and that joyous visage without feeling that much may still be said in favor of a social system that can produce him or his like — and Mr. Belloc is *very* like.

In vain does the weighty prophet endeavor to forestall his foes by being himself the first to gibe — as he does in *Heretics* — at the 'fatness of a distinguished journalist.' This manoeuvre was copied on the other side of the Channel last December when M. Henri Béraud — himself a very fat man — won the Prix Goncourt with his book, *Le Martyre de l'Obèse*; but, though flattered by imitation, the stratagem — if stratagem it be — avails nothing. The mockers will not be turned aside. G. K. C. may be beloved, — and it is impossible to dislike either him or his books, — but that carefully cherished creature, 'the reading public,' will not be allowed to forget his girth.

Hearken to the well-tuned but satiric lyre of 'W. H. B.' in the *Morning Post* — London's preëminent worshiper at the shrine of the God of Things as They Are, or rather of that still more adored divinity, the God of Things as They Were in the Good Old Days. Such a newspaper enjoys the Chestertonian strictures on capitalism — which goodness knows are anything but Socialistic — almost as little as it does the Trotskian; and 'W. H. B.,' who has a pungent way of doing these nasty little things every now and then, heaps scorn on G. K. C., body and soul, or, to be strictly accurate, opin-

ions and physique. Just listen to the wicked fellow: —

What a horrible picture
G. K. C.
Presents of the world
That is to be!
We are all to be slaves,
And if we're good
And do what we're told
We'll get our food.
He does n't say when
This age will begin,
But I fear G. K.
Is bound to get thin
Unless as a 'slave'
He means to obey,
And write better stuff
Than he talks to-day!
Imagine his master
Saying: 'Look 'ere!
This paradox ain't
Fer me quite clear,
You do it again,
Be off! and be'ave!
Or you won't get no dinner,
You blinkin' slave!'



ACTING EDITIONS OF ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

THE Elizabethan dramatists are getting to be a good deal of a problem. Charles Lamb set a fashion of admiration which was carried to heights of ardent ecstasy by Swinburne, yet nowadays there are a few people with courage enough to say they think a good many Elizabethans merely dull. As usual the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. Not even Swinburne could pretend that Richard Brome at his worst was either brilliant or entertaining, and no one with the faintest powers of literary discrimination is any more likely to pretend that *Doctor Faustus* (especially if we rule out the undoubted interpolations) is anything short of a masterpiece. That was Goethe's opinion, and nobody is likely to dissent from it.

It is, therefore, good news that a firm of English publishers are preparing a new series of acting editions

of plays which were popular between 1580 and 1660. They are edited by Mr. C. M. Edmondson. The plays are brought within the compass of a two and one-half hours' performance, and no scenery is required.

Presumably this means very little cutting. Elizabethan theatres calculated on a performance of two hours or a little more, and the comparative lack of scenery, — although this has been greatly exaggerated by some writers, — together with the alternation of the action between the fore-stage and the rear-stage, made it possible for the action of the play to march straight forward without interruption.

Some of the old plays, of course, will require a bit of expurgating, although the Phoenix Society in some of its revivals has taken the bit between its teeth and insisted on the actors speaking the speech as it was written, obscenity and all, somewhat to the horror of modern English audiences, who are a deal more squeamish than their grandfathers three hundred years removed.

The price of the new editions is to be 2s., and the first three volumes will be ready in October. The plays which open the series are *The Shoemaker's Holiday* by Thomas Dekker, first produced by Edward Allyn in 1600, *The Sisters* by James Shirley, produced in 1652, and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* by Beaumont and Fletcher, produced about 1601.



THE LINGUISTIC BATTLE OF THE PORTUGUESE

LOUIS ARAQUISTAIN discusses in *El Sol* the difficulties of a noted Portuguese novelist, Aquilino Ribeiro, who doubts whether it is worth while writing in Portuguese since only so small a circle will be his readers, and whether it

would not be better to recognize at once the hegemony of French among the Latin languages and write in that language? Señor Araquistain then discusses the possibility that Spanish — or rather Castilian — may become 'an instrument of cultural communication as useful and authoritative as French, German, and English.' He thinks that to achieve this a language must not only possess an extensive literature of its own but also a great many translations. 'The Italians, who never forgot the lessons of the Renaissance, have been most active of all peoples in translating into their language all of the best that universal culture possessed, and therefore to-day Italy rivals the most famous lands in philosophy, science, and literature.'

Señor Araquistain then takes up the question of Pan-Hispanism. He asks: 'Would it be possible to do just the reverse of what has been done in Switzerland, that is, to produce a certain unity of culture without affecting political independence? We see something of this sort in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, which, while speaking distinct, though related, languages and governing themselves independently, live at the same time in a common intellectual atmosphere.'

He recognizes, however, the tremendous difficulties in the way of producing such a common culture. 'On one side Spain with her indifference to any elevated conception of Hispanism. On the other side Portugal, with her historic distrust of Castile and her pride wounded by the scanty recognition of Portuguese values that Spaniards have habitually shown. Do we not see Catalonia shrinking more and more from unity with Spain, obeying that inclination latent in every people to divide itself into independent fractions till they reach the size of national atoms like Andorra?'

BOOKS ABROAD

The Art of Poetry, by W. P. Ker. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1923. \$2.00.

[Arthur Waugh in the *Daily Telegraph*]

THE subjects discussed in this little volume range from Pope to Shelley, and from Milton to Matthew Arnold; and in the course of their pursuit the lecturer is brought up against most of the rocks of academic criticism, the conflicting claims of classic and romantic, the rival interests of theme and form, and all those shoals of 'tendenz' theories which have threatened to swamp poetry with the gray waters of commentary. But, whatever his subject, Ker always astonishes us by the fresh, human, unacademic nature of his intellect. He refuses to be the slave of catch-phrases, but he knows the value of tradition too well to assume that, because a label is a little soiled by use, it has, therefore, become transformed into a libel. He distrusts those many excellent people who seem to believe in poetry as a sort of nostrum to be recommended to other people; and he warns the Victorian moralist that 'the worst of philosophical and religious poetry is that it is apt to put religion and philosophy in the place of poetry.' He is even in doubt about the final authority of the critic's labors. Shelley's *Defense of Poetry*, he declares, with a characteristic smile, 'might afford a living to professors of poetry who do not care for any particular poetical tune,' and Matthew Arnold's preface to his volume of 1853 'gives unanswerably good reasons for the withdrawal of *Empedocles on Etna*; reasons with nothing wrong in them except that they withdraw *Empedocles*.' This last flash of humor is peculiarly the lecturer's own. He propagates suggestion by a sort of method of negation. The hearer learns almost as much by what he leaves unsaid as by what he says.

Tales of Nasr-ed-Din Khoja, translated from the Turkish text by Henry D. Barnham, C. M. G. London: Nisbet, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[Leonard Woolf in the *New Statesman*]

THE Oxford English Dictionary defines the word *codger* as 'fellow, buffer, queer old person.' Some five hundred years ago there lived in the district of Angora in Turkey Nasr-ed-Din, who has been known universally in the Near East ever since as the Khoja, a title which appears to mean the 'Master' or 'Teacher.' Whatever the title may mean, the Khoja was simply a codger, an old buffer, a queer old person. The

name of the Khoja 'is a household word wherever the Turkish language is spoken,' for the tales of his eccentricities, of his doings and sayings, have been handed down by word of mouth from one generation of Turks to another, from the fifteenth century to the present day. Some people may have come across a little book, printed in 1884 — there is a copy in the London Library — called '*The Turkish Jester, or the Pleasantries of Cogia Nasr Eddin Effendi*, translated from the Turkish by George Borrow'; this was the only collection of the Khoja's tales hitherto available for English readers, and even this was extremely incomplete, besides being very rare. This was not surprising, for the Sultan Abdul Hamid did not like the Khoja's humor and refused to allow the tales to be printed in Turkish, and it was only after the Turkish revolution of 1908 that a large collection of them was made and printed in Constantinople. A considerable number of these have now been translated into English and published under the title, '*Tales of Nasr-ed-Din Khoja*, translated from the Turkish text by Henry D. Barnham, C. M. G.'

The stuff of which the Khoja's humor is made is for the most part the eternally and universally comic, as, for instance, in a very good variation upon the mother-in-law joke. Yet his individuality and personality are extraordinarily distinct. He combines great shrewdness and impishness with great, and not altogether assumed, simplicity. It was the Khoja, remember, who, finding that he could cut down his donkey's feed by one half without any harm, went on repeating the process until he was giving the animal only a few grains of barley, and then, when the beast died, remarked: 'Ah! just when we were getting him accustomed to it! 'Tis the will of Providence!' It was the Khoja who summed up all medical science in the prescription: 'Keep your feet warm, your head cool, be careful what you eat, and do not think too much.' It was the Khoja who went off trying to find his lost donkey, giving thanks to God in a loud voice; and when they asked him why he was giving thanks to God, he replied: 'Because I am not riding it. Of course, if I were, I should be lost too.' And, finally, it was the Khoja who, on his deathbed, told his wife to dress herself in her best clothes, and do her hair nicely, and paint her face a little, and make herself as smart as possible. And when his wife objected, he explained to her: 'I see that my end is at hand. Azrail, the Angel of Death, is hovering near. I thought, perhaps, if he saw you in these fine clothes looking like an angel or a peacock, he

might take you and leave me.' And an old woman in the room said — a fitting epitaph for the Khoja — 'God forgive you, Khoja, but you cannot stop joking even at the point of death.'

America and the Atlantic, by Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. London: Duckworth, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

ADMIRAL BALLARD'S *America and the Atlantic* may be said to be a study complementary to his *Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan*. He has a more varied and complicated story to tell, and partly for that very reason, no doubt, his treatment of his theme is less satisfactory. Indeed, it would only have been by rigidly discarding whatever was not a great point or a main influence that it would have been possible to give in a short space as much as a competent summary of the origin and fortunes of the settlements of European nations on the Atlantic shores of North and South America. This is his subject. It need only be named to show its magnitude; and then it would have been incumbent on the author to select the true great points and to keep them in their proper relation to one another in a critical spirit.

We are not convinced that Admiral Ballard has succeeded in his task. The fault in the book is not that it is inaccurate in detail. There are a few slips, but none of any serious consequence. Even the fact that he neglects the Asiento Treaty and all it stood for is not fatal. The error which impairs his study is that he does not give anything like their due weight to elements other than 'sea power.' He is kept in countenance by a large body of colleagues among writers on history. But we are forbidden to follow a multitude on the wrong path. The time has really come for pointing out that 'sea power' is by the nature of the case a function of 'land power' if we may join those who multiply entities beyond necessity — just once in a way. There can be no power on the sea which has not first been drawn from the land.

The History of India, by P. T. Srinivas Iyengar, professor in St. Joseph's College. Trichinopoly. 1923. Rs. 2/8.

[*Modern Review*]

In this small book of 244 pages the author has compressed the history of India from the early times down to the present day. He has tried to reconstruct the early history with the help of traditions. The first four chapters of his book, where he has relied mainly upon Indian litera-

ture, are fairly well written. His account of the royal families of the Vedic period is not found in other historical treatises. This period is generally looked upon as prehistoric and the traditions cannot be chronologically arranged. But these traditions are of special value in understanding the development of Indian culture, and we congratulate Mr. Iyengar on his recognition of the value of their materials.

Mr. Iyengar is a Sanskrit scholar and he has given ample testimony of his knowledge of Sanskrit. The narrative of the historic period, however, is neither illuminating nor informative. The book is full of quotations without any reference to the sources from which they have been taken. There are bold assertions without any attempt to prove them from authentic evidence. The author is rather ambitious in giving a full history of India without paying any attention to the main factors of history. Such statements as, 'The history of India begins when man first appeared on our globe,' 'Most scholars now think that man was first born in India,' 'Geographically, India has been one country since tertiary times, and culturally one since man was evolved,' will not go without challenge.

Ductless and Other Glands, by Fred E. Wynne, B.A., M.B., D.Ph. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1923. 4s. 6d.

[*Discovery*]

A most refreshing work on a subject on which much has been written — much that is learned, much that is 'popular,' and very much that is sheer insanity. This book is in the best sense of the word popular. It is written in most readable style, begins at the beginning, takes nothing for granted, yet tells all that is established as regards the work of these strange and potent, yet much libeled laboratories of the human body.

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Manzoni Intimo. Volume I: *Vittoria e Matilde Manzoni*. Memorie di Vittoria Giorgini Manzoni. Volume II: *Un tesoro di lettere inedite* dirette alle figlie Vittoria e Matilde e al genero G. B. Giorgini. Volume III: *94 lettere e 17 postille inedite* alla moglie donna Teresa e al figliastro Stefano. Ciascuno con illustrazioni e ritratti in parte inediti. Ciascuno lire 10.50. Ulrico Hoepli, Editore, Milano.